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No. 401

NOVEMBER.

BY T. C. HARBAGE.

"No meat!" the butcher says sometimes,
When we come tardy to his killing;
The poet sighs and says "no rhymes!"
And leaves his last verse without filling.
"No letter!" with this sentence brief
Our P. M. puts out hope's last ember,
And Nature turns another leaf,
To greet us with the cry—"November!"

No zephyrs now to fan our cheeks,
No cider, Nature's liquid treasure;
No day-dreams by the lucid creeks—
The air's too chilly for that pleasure!
No stars but cold ones in the sky,
Their icy twinkles all remember;
No linen coats now greet the eye,
No end to chills and colds—November!

No robin in a leafy bough,
No lovers walk across the meadow;
No sherry-cobblers cool us now,
No sunshine—consequently shadow!
No nose but what is pinched with cold,
No pocket for the nasal member;
No linen pantaloons are sold,
No ice-cream festivals—November!

No hangers o'er the garden gate,
With lips to lips beneath Astarte;
No courting by a fireless grate,
No "invites" to a moonlight party.
No shivering bachelor loves his lot,
No maid to keep alive love's ember;
No wife to make home lively spot,
No one to build his fires—November!

No swallows twittering under eaves,
Their absence help to make life dreary;
No novel-reading 'neath the leaves
Of summer till the eyes grow weary.
But with a smile we welcome back
The frosty month, as all remember;
For every year the almanac,
Or something else, brings us November!

Gold Dan;

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

GOLD DAN'S MISDEEDS.

"Too late! what do you mean?" and perceiving that her glance was fixed upon the door, he turned his head and looked in that direction.

Clark and his companions had advanced to the bar, which was close by the door, and had called for drinks, without troubling themselves to look around the room.

"Don't you see the Duke of Corinne?" "And who is it that rejoices in that high-sounding appellation?" Dan asked, apparently in blissful ignorance.

"What is the matter with you?" Kate cried in astonishment; "you know John Clark well enough!"

"Oh, yes—certainly!" Dan responded, quite readily; "but touching this Duke of Corinne that you spoke of—"

"Why, that's John Clark!" the girl returned, amazed. "Don't you remember?" "Oh yes, of course, now that you speak of it," the man confessed, with seeming indifference; "but I've such a poor head to remember anything."

"I don't see how you could possibly forget John Clark, and you've only been away about four months."

The girl was evidently mystified, hardly knowing what to make of the man.

"Four months, eh?" Gold Dan remarked, slowly and reflectively, "and I've been gone four months?"

"Well, you ought to know; but you're wasting time; why don't you escape through one of the windows?" They have not seen you yet."

"Who do you mean?" Dan asked, apparently not in the least alarmed, "Clark and his—"

"His Mormons!" "Oh, that party that came in are all Mormons, eh?"

Kate stared at the speaker for a moment in utter wonder.

"Why, what has got into you? You know every man of them well enough!"

"Do I? Oh, yes, of course; but it was plain the speaker was puzzled."

"And there is Bellman Googer, who has sworn to shoot you on sight!"

"The deuce he has!" and the man appeared astonished at the intelligence. "Will you have the kindness to point him out to me, so that I can be on the look-out for the gentleman?"

"Why, you know him as well as you know me!" was Kate's quick reply, as she half-rose from her seat.

Dan took a good look at the beautiful face of the girl, and then answered, slowly:

"Yes, I suppose I do; but which one of the crowd yonder is he?"

"That stout, fat man with the big boots, drinking champagne."

"Oh, yes, I see; and he's going to kill me on sight, is he?"

"Yes, you know he is. Come! don't be rash! You can easily escape through one of the windows; none of them have seen you yet; it has been reported that you were killed on the Montana trail, and one man said that he saw you dead, with a bullet through the brain. Your



There came a sudden shot, followed by the cry of a mortally wounded man.

appearance here to-night is a surprise to all; so escape now, while you can!" "Oh, no," he spoke decidedly; "I'm not going to expose myself to the chance of having a hole drilled through me by hopping through the back window. If I had dreamed that I was so well-known in this town, I would have kept away from it."

"Are you crazy?" Kate now cried, in marked astonishment.

"Yes, I believe my head is a little affected," Dan responded. "You see I was struck by a ball in the head, and that has probably impaired my memory."

"You seem strangely forgetful!"

"I am; the fact is, miss, I don't remember any more about these men than if I had never been in this town before."

"You are joking!"

"No, honest injun; and, by the way, what have I done to this fat man that he desires to imbrue his hands in my gore?"

"Why, you cannot possibly have forgotten!" Kate cried.

"I assure you that my memory of the life that I, Gold Dan, led in this town is utterly gone. Why, to give you an idea, I couldn't even tell you your name."

"Is it possible?"

"Quite so; so please explain at once what I have done to this fat Mormon, so that I may be prepared for him, when he discovers me, which he will be sure to do after he gets through drinking."

"You ran away with one of his wives—his fifth wife, the youngest and the prettiest of them all, Mary-Jane!"

"Oh, I run off with Mary-Jane, did I?" and this strange man made a comical face.

"Yes, where is she now?"

"Hang me if I know; but I say, is there anything else that I have done—are there any more men around Corinne, that you know of, who are dying to take my scalp?"

"All the Mormons hate you!"

"Why?"

"You know well enough! you call them names—say that their Prophet is a fraud—"

"And so he is!" he cried, abruptly. "In that particular the Gold Dan of the present exactly agrees with the Gold Dan of the past."

"You will stay, then, and brave the danger?" the girl asked, anxiously.

"Yes; I reckon from the manner in which I was greeted on my entrance, a while ago, that I am not without friends in this place."

"No doubt you have friends, but few men in the town would care to take your part if John Clark takes a hand in the game," Kate answered earnestly.

"John Clark? That's the big fellow yonder, the Duke of Corinne, eh?"

"Yes—a very dangerous man."

"He runs the town?"

"Yes, no five or ten men dare to stand against him. He is the chief of the Danites—the terrible Destroying Angels that execute the vengeance of the Mormon leader. He is said to have killed over fifty men with his own hand."

"A terrible fellow, ain't he?" and as Gold Dan made the remark, with his keen, cool eyes he was surveying the proportions of the Mormon leader, but there was no look of apprehension on his features.

"But you do not seem to fear him," and Kate looked into the face of the buckskin-clad man with a curious gaze.

"Fear, miss! I reckon I don't know the

meaning of the word when applied to a human," he answered, quietly. "When my time comes I'll die, and not before; but let me take this opportunity to thank you for the service you have rendered me. Through your warning I am prepared for my enemies. I fancy that Gold Dan must hold a pretty high place in your esteem."

The girl laughed.

"You and English Will are my two best friends, and I don't know which of you I like the best," she replied, lightly.

"English Will?"

"Yes, he is the captain of the grading gang on the Union Pacific, you know."

"Oh, yes," and he looked around. "Is he here to-night?"

"Not yet; but you and he mustn't quarrel, mind!"

"No fear of that, for I'm the mildest-mannered man in the world, if people let me alone."

At this stage in the conversation there was a sudden movement among the Mormons around the bar.

All those within the room who knew of the bad blood between the gold-dollared plainsman and the Mormons, had expected trouble when they had seen the latter enter the apartment, and now, perceiving the sudden commotion in the saintly group, they understood that "fun" was at hand.

"Gold Dan here? What is he, the infernal scoundrel?" the fat Mormon cried, in sudden wrath.

CHAPTER VI.

A HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER.

"Look out for yourself!" cried the girl in warning. "It is not yet too late for you to escape!"

"Escape! only to be taken at a disadvantage elsewhere!" replied Dan. "Oh, no! I know a trick worth two of that!"

"But you are unarmed and they are weaponed to the teeth!"

Apparently Kate's remark was true, for no sign of warlike implements could be detected upon the person of the plainsman, but he only laughed carelessly, and before he could make reply, the big Mormon made a movement toward him.

Every eye in the room was turned upon the scene, while there was a general movement of the bystanders from the center of the apartment to the shelter of the side walls. There was trouble ahead and none of them were anxious to stop a bullet.

The Mormon, Googer, was a stout, thick-set man, pretty well in flesh, but as strong apparently as an elephant.

With the approach of the enraged man the girl had arisen from her chair and wheeled it over into a corner of the room, and then leaning over the back calmly surveyed the scene.

The high-back chair concealed nearly all of her figure from view; therefore no one within the room suspected that, yielding to her womanly liking for the dashing plainsman, she had resolved not to stand tamely by and see him slaughtered in cold blood, but, taking advantage of the mask of the chair, had drawn the dainty silver-plated revolver, ever her constant companion, pulled back the hammer, and stood ready to afford immediate aid to the assailed man if he should stand in need of it, which seemed extremely likely from the way things were going.

Yet the girl knew full well that to attempt to brave the Mormon power, or step be-

tween the terrible Danites and their victims, was hazardous in the extreme, but when did a woman ever hesitate to aid the man she fancied, no matter how great the risk?

A sudden silence fell upon the room when the burly polygamist strode toward his enemy.

Gold Dan had backed quietly against the wall so that it was impossible to take him in the rear, and there, cool and composed—the most careless and indifferent-looking man in the saloon—he awaited the assault.

All the Mormons, acting apparently by Clark's orders, had placed themselves before the door, which was at one corner of the room, so as to cut off all escape.

Nearly every person within the saloon had his hand upon his weapon.

No love was lost between these hardy borderers and the "saints," and his open attempt to rule Corinne went sorely against their grain; and more than one huge-bearded, flannel-shirted giant whispered to his neighbor:

"Dog-gone me if he shan't have a fair show or else that'll be a free fight! These Mormon galoots are running the thing too fresh!"

And the Danite, John Clark, looking around upon the circle of angry, resolute faces, began to understand that the day had passed when the crook of the Mormon finger could make the men of Corinne crouch and tremble.

The Danite had little fear, though, as to the result of the approaching conflict. The plainsman was, apparently, unarmed and the Mormon husband, burning to punish the successful rival who had stolen away from him his fifth wife, the youngest and fairest of them all, too, had no thought of using knife or pistol. A burly, powerful man, strong as a horse, as the saying is, an Englishman born and bred, and partial, as are all the inhabitants of the "tight little island," to the manly art of self-defense, his sole idea was to give the destroyer of his domestic bliss a terrible thrashing.

And the idea that the gold-buttoned plainsman would be able to offer a successful resistance never for one moment entered the minds of the Mormons.

Gold Dan had the reputation of being a good revolver-shot, and tolerably expert with the bowie-knife, but as a boxer he had never distinguished himself.

The almost breathless silence was broken by the harsh voice of the angry "saint," who had now approached within about six feet of the plainsman, and stood glaring upon him.

"So you've come back, 'ave you?" he cried.

"Oh, yes, I've got back," Dan answered with a queer smile on his face.

"And 'ow is the gal—curse her! 'ow is she, eh?" the Mormon cried in wrath.

"Pretty well, I thank you; how are you?"

"Do you know what I'm goin' to do to you?" and the irate husband menaced his destined victim with his huge fist.

"No; I haven't the slightest idea."

"I'm a-goin' to mash that pretty face of yours so that Mary-Jane won't know yer when you go back to her!"

"Well, that will be rough on Mary-Jane, won't it?"

"I'll jest 'arn you how to come foolin' round my wives!"

"It's to be a fair fight, then?" and the plainsman didn't seem to be at all appalled at the prospect.

"A fight!" cried the angry Mormon in contempt. "No! there won't be no fight, for I'll jest mash you into pancakes the first lick!"

"Gentlemen!" the plainsman exclaimed, addressing the crowd at large, "you see how this

thing is. This man forces the quarrel on me, and all I ask is a fair show. Can I have it?"

An emphatic "Yes" came from the lips of nearly every man in the room, despite the angry looks of the Mormon gang.

"That's all I ask!" Gold Dan cried, "and now then, you fat scoundrel, proceed to mash!"

"Oh, I'll fix yer!" Googer yelled, as he made a blow at the smiling face before him. It was a stroke that would have almost felled an ox.

But, like the lively flea, renowned in story, Gold Dan wasn't "there;" he dexterously dodged the blow and the Mormon bruised his knuckles against the wall, splitting the board clear in twain; but, before he could recover himself, the plainsman, who had nimbly slipped under his arm, had him round the middle of the body, raised him from the floor, and with a strength which few would have believed possible, pitched the burly "saint" headlong to the other end of the room.

Down went the Mormon, all in a heap, with a concussion that shook the very house to its foundations.

A long breath came from the spectators, who had anxiously watched the scene—a breath of relief that the Mormon bruiser had met his match.

Then Gold Dan quickly stripped off his gaudy hunting-shirt and tossed it to the Monte Queen to hold, rolled up the sleeves of his flannel shirt, displaying a pair of arms, wonderful in their development; and, too, the bystanders saw that in the belt that girded in his supple waist, the plainsman carried a small arsenal of offensive weapons.

The Mormon, perceiving that he had taken no easy task upon himself, also stripped for the contest. He was bruised and battered by the fall and his right hand was almost useless, injured by the terrible blow which had fallen upon the wall.

"Game," though, was the Briton; but he advanced with caution, determined this time not to hold his antagonist too cheaply.

But the Mormon, despite his boasting, was no boxer, as was soon apparent, for, after a few passes, the plainsman made a desperate lunge with his left hand at the puffy face of his antagonist; in haste the Mormon essayed to ward the blow, and uncovering himself by the action, gave his skillful foe a chance to plant a most terrific right-hander full in the stomach, just above the belt.

The blow when it struck sounded like a vigorous thump given to a bass drum, and with a howl of pain the Mormon went over flat on his back, knocked completely out of time.

The bystanders roared—the Mormons excepted, for they swore fearfully. This was the most ridiculous fight that the town of Corinne had ever seen.

It was fully five minutes before the bully recovered.

"No more fists! Give me a pistol, somebody!" he cried.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE MOON.

"Gi'n me a pistol, I say!" the enraged Mormon vociferated, smarting with pain, every bone in his body aching, the result of the violent concussion with the floor.

The bystanders had watched the scene with anxious eyes.

Gold Dan was pretty well known in the town of Corinne, having made it his headquarters in the past, when in from scouting. A prairie-guide and scout, he was reputed to be very excellent in his calling; a bold, daring fellow, who held his life at a pin's fee; a good shot, skillful on the trail; an able wielder of the ponderous bowie-knife, so common to the frontier; but not a man within the room had ever imagined that the plainsman could "handle" himself so well in a fist-cuff match.

No mean foe was the brawny Briton, as more than one boasting borderer had found to his cost, and yet Gold Dan had played with him as though he were but a child.

Even the dark-faced Danite leader, stern John Clark, knitted his brows and looked with wonder upon the scout. The bold "Duke of Corinne" was not given to underrating a foe, but even in his highest estimate he had never held Gold Dan highly; but after this display of the plainsman's quality, Gold Dan had rose much in his estimation; therefore the Danite attempted to restrain the bruised and beaten Googer.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, man!" he said in the ear of the Mormon, grasping his shoulder with his strong hand; "you've got enough; come away!"

But the Briton was as obstinate as a mule.

"I ain't 'ad enough! Blast my heyes if I'm going to give it up so! It's 'ear's blood I'm arter now! Somebody lend me a barker, now—quick!" he cried.

For a wonder the Mormon was not armed.

"Who wants a pistol?" cried a loud, hoarse voice, as a brawny, six-footer, attired in a red-flannel shirt, sadly in need of soap and water, rough pantaloons and big boots, strode into the saloon. A shock of red hair covered his head, the frowzy ends escaping from under his hat he wore, and his chin was hidden by a bushy red beard. The belt that girded in his massive waist supported a whole arsenal of small weapons.

The man was a stranger to Corinne, and all within the room looked at him with astonishment.

"Kin I believe me ears?" the stranger ejaculated. "Do I hear a free American citizen a-cryin' out for a pistol? Ware's the man! I

Though evidently puzzled, the men dare not disobey, and five minutes later father and daughter were riding rapidly away from the mountain retreat.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)



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Grace Halpine's New Serial,

A HEART HISTORY:

OR,

BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET

To Commence in No. 403.

is one of this delightful and popular author's most powerful and interesting works. It is a singularly sweet exposition of the mysteries and unconfessed faith of a young girl's heart, but of the ways of the world that are so hard to travel, for unwary feet, it is a strong, stern presentation. A firm hand the author has to paint woman's human nature, in all its subtlety and all its instinctive nobility; while in

Unmasking a "Man of the World"

she has given us a startling and most impressive social revelation that has its deep and abiding moral lesson. It is sure to excite the keenest interest and attention.

With pain and regret we announce the death of our contributor, Dr. Wm. Mason Turner, whose story of "Margoun" is now running through our columns. He died of apoplexy, Oct. 13th, at his home in Philadelphia, in the 42d year of his age. The *Ledger* of that city says:

"He was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1835, and was graduate of Brown University, but subsequently took his medical degree at the University of Pennsylvania. He made a tour of Egypt and Syria, and upon his return published a book of his Oriental adventures and observations. He became quite extensively known through his contributions to literature."

To popular periodical literature he became well known through numerous serial stories—some of which obtained an extended circulation—both by reason of their interest of plot and story and of the somewhat peculiar or intense style of narrative, which, though artificial, and, at times, strained, was effective.

His contributions to the SATURDAY JOURNAL embraced the "Masked Miner," "College Rivals," "\$50,000 Reward," "Hand Not Heart," "Bessie Raynor, the Factory Girl," etc., etc.—all of which were highly creditable and popular. His "Margoun," now passing through our columns, was, we presume, one of his last productions.

Personally, Dr. Turner was genial and companionable. He was unusually well informed, and, by his practice as a physician, knew very much of life and human nature—a knowledge which he freely used in his literary work.

With ourselves, our readers will regret this all too early close of a useful and promising career, and will read with a mournful pleasure his serial now running in the JOURNAL.

Sunshine Papers.

Airs and Tears.

THEY do not go well together. When affected conjointly, they are in an execrable taste as would be a new silk gown donned to scrub the kitchen floor. And, considering how diametrically opposed they are, it is marvelous that persons—and not a few at that—will put on no end of airs, at the same time that they are publicly sporting tears.

What is more disgusting than to see a woman arrayed in the most expensive finery, and carrying herself with an air that seems to proclaim that, in her own opinion, she is better than ordinary mortals, with a large rent in her overskirt, half a yard of trimming ripped from her dress, unremended gloves, or boots with half the buttons gone? And if you think such cases are rare ones, you must be a person of infinitesimal discernment; for not more than one woman out of every ten that you meet, not even making exceptions in favor of one's near circle of acquaintances, is arrayed so carefully that the vigilant eye cannot detect a tear—or something that speaks equally plain of a lack of neatness.

Not long since, in a stage full of richly-dressed women, but one was outsteamed in such a manner as to defy the critical eye of a vigilant observer. One individual, whose silks and velvets, and Parisian bonnet, handsome jewelry, and exquisite gloves, spoke of style and wealth, had a most ungainly rent just above the expensive fringe which edged her polonaise. To be sure, it may have occurred recently, or rather she had no good opportunity of repairing it, for it was roughly run together; so roughly that the ravelings hung through upon the right side. But the same charitable doubt could scarcely be allowed her concerning a seam woefully frayed out in the skirt of the polonaise. Another of the passengers was very neatly dressed, with the exception of her gloves, which were soiled and badly ripped; another wore a mantle, upon which the ribbon-strings and bows were pinned; one had several buttons off her very pretty boots, and another had lace sewn at the throat and wrists of her dress

with white cotton, occasional large stitches showing through on the dark silk; and one lady wore a very splendid robe, the seams of which, about the shoulders and waist, were gaping in various places.

You may urge, in defense, that dressmakers do their work so poorly, buttons will come off in the street, the gloves may have been the only pair the lady could find, and the bows were pinned because the wearer was called out in a great hurry. All very true, my friend, but not available as good and sufficient excuses for any person who calls herself a lady appearing in public in disorderly attire. It is very easy, and the correct thing to do, when boots are removed, to examine the buttons and so have them secured and ready for the next wearing. When gloves are discovered to have a rip, no matter how slight, they should be mended. Gloves put away in order will always be ready for donning upon any occasion, no matter how important. The work of the dressmaker, if carefully scanned when brought home, will not be apt to disgrace the wearer upon the first occasion of assuming the costume; and to wear garments before they are completed, is a confession of an unpardonable lack of tidiness.

In various journeyings by rail and on foot, in frequent visits received and made, the opportunities furnished for observing the habits of women have proved that those of the sex who are systematically and thoroughly careful in regard to every item of their apparel, are the exceptions and not the rule.

But, leaving it entirely as a matter of principle and good taste to women, whether or not they will appear in public with telltale proofs about them of their customs and habits, we, at least, beg to remind them that this little bit of good taste it would be well for them to cultivate—the omission of any *airs* while they have about them, even though they be hidden from outward observation, *any* tears.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

In one of my rambles the other day, my footsteps strayed to a place where busy workers were plying pickaxe and spade, moving huge masses of stone, and showing the great power God has gifted and blessed humanity with; and the lines:

"Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great."

hummed through my head, and while I was expatiating on the beauty of good, hearty work, I was somewhat surprised to hear a young man—a school-teacher—at my elbow remark: "Well, thank goodness, I don't have to spend my time in such a manner, bending my back and carting heavy stone. I have an education."

Now, an education is a most excellent article to carry about with one, when it is accompanied by a little common sense—the trouble with this young man was that he had too little common sense. Talents are given us to use and not to brag about. We may be gifted, but we spoil those gifts when we give way to egotism and self-praise.

Poor fellow! I pitied him, for he needed pity. You see, he hadn't been educated up to that point where the true goodness and real nobility of mankind lies—not as to the *kind* of work one does, so much as the manner in which that work is done. We are not all gifted with the same talents. Some must do the hard work and others the hand-work. The hand-work is not to be despised on account of its labor. To me it is more like some token of honor, and I'd sooner grasp it than I would that of the dandy who looks with loathing on work. I honor the school-teacher; I think he has a noble vocation and a most important mission to fill, for it is not every one who has knowledge that can impart it to others; but, are there not other vocations just as honorable, just as useful, and which require as hard work, though, maybe, there may be some dirt to stain the hands and some stooping of the body to accomplish it?

Supposing the diggers and delvers were to throw down their implements of labor and declare they couldn't, wouldn't, and ought not to slave their lives out, how would they accomplish their ends? I'm inclined to believe they would punish themselves as much as they would injure others.

My good friends, let us thank the good, Heavenly Father for the talents he has placed in our keeping, for that is only right, but do not let us act the part of a Pharisee and thank him that we are not as other men are, for that is weak, sinful, and shameful. We may consider ourselves a little better than the general run of humanity, but our self-esteem cannot convince others—it will but make them think less of us, and have a contempt for our silly and useless conceit. If we have an education let us show it by our conversation. Don't tell people, "I have an education;" let them discover it for themselves.

Boasting never sounded well to my ears, and I have never known one of those egotistical beings to become popular with humanity, but I do know that humility is a virtue that must call forth our praise. The head-work of the author, editor, teacher, or of any professional person, is often more than matched by the skilled hand, and body-work of the farmer and mechanic.

Does the world think less of any of the great and good men because their lot was humble, their early life poor, and their portion heavy and hard work? No, indeed! and have these men ever felt it any *disgrace* that they have had to toil and labor? No, indeed! again. I feel assured they thanked the great Master that He had given them that work to do. Their greatness lay in the grandeur of their deeds, it may be, but their goodness consisted, partially, in the humble manner they bore their honors and did not look back with scorn when they had to bend their bodies over hard work. "The good are great; the great not always good."

How true the lines:

"'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control;
And purifies and hallows
The temple of the soul."

"The grand Almighty builder,
Who fashioned out the earth,
Hath stamped His seal of honor
On labor, from her birth."

EVE LAWLESS.

THE word lady is compounded of two Saxon words, leaf or leaf, signifying a loaf of bread, and dian, to give, or to serve. In olden times it was customary for those whom God had blessed with affluence to give away regularly a portion of bread or other food to poor families in their respective parishes and neighborhoods, and on such occasions the "lady" or mistress of the household distributed the daily or weekly dole. Hence she was called the "laf-dy" or the "bread-giver," and it is probably from this hospitable custom that to this day English ladies carve and serve the meat at their own tables.

Foolscap Papers.

My Old Uncle's Will.

I HAD always been educated in the belief that I was to be remembered in my uncle's last will and testament. He was bigly rich and was noted for having more money than he could ever give a cent to anybody.

The popular impression in our family was that he couldn't take any of it along when he died, since it had of late years got to be the fashion to leave a good deal behind for the benefit of survivors.

My uncle went off too soon, too soon, in spite of five physicians. I felt that I could wait another year. I was a young man then and the future was pretty much all before me.

My uncle wanted to live long enough to make a few more thousand dollars, but circumstances seemed to be against him, and he reluctantly went.

In less than a year or two afterward the will was opened and read, and this is a true copy, and well attested.

I, John Whitehorn, sometimes called long John for short, being of almost insane mind on the account of my nephew Washington, do devise to him the following property, to wit:

One penny of the date of 1812. As it would take him twenty years to lay that much up, this will set him just twenty years ahead, and he can consider himself most fortunate. This sum of money, if he puts it out on interest, in four hundred years will amount to several thousand dollars, providing the bank don't break or he don't draw it out in the meantime.

I bequeath to him three thousand dollars worth of debts which I owe. Nothing would do me more good than for him to pay them, and as debts are what he strives the most to make, this amount will last him for awhile, at least. If I had more I would be more liberal and would give him less cause to complain.

I also bequeath to him out of my library one book on the "Art of Making Money," which he so seriously needs. The secret of working for it he does not seem to understand, but I would be glad if he would spend a little time cultivating it. Work makes him very tired. My ambition has always been to work, and to him I bequeath my ambition. I hope he will put it to good use. A little disposition to work would not hurt him so lazy, if he more could only get it into his head. I have long noticed that he was always generous enough to let somebody else do his work rather than to enjoy the doing of it himself.

I also bequeath to him my old Revolutionary musket, with the request that he will use it. It is one of the most beautiful kickers in the world; it will not only kick a man over, but it will get up on him when he is down and keep on kicking him whether he yells "enough!" or not. Washington deserves it, and I hope he will get the benefit of it.

I bequeath to him a small farm in Indiana; it will be a very small one. I don't care what state it is in, really. It ought to be a small one if he oversees it. If he saves up money enough he can pay for the deed to it. That is all that is necessary. Let him only buy the deed; the owner, whoever he is, will throw the farm in.

I give him one mortgage on my farm, valued at four thousand dollars, which he can pay in yearly installments. Another man holds it.

I also will him a book entitled "General Information." It won't injure him. Its precepts will be worth a hundred cents on the dollar to him. He might think the contents are not worth much to him, but at least the punctuation points with which it is illustrated might be of some value.

I also bequeath to him "How to Behave Yourself." This is not in his library. I have a deal of affection for the boy, and feel an interest in him as if he were my own son, and I have seen times when I could kick him like a father. He could make money out of this book if he would only take a notion to; it will at least afford him elegant reading, and is in no danger of damaging his behavior.

I bequeath him ten shares in the Mud City Railroad, which are only 104 cents below par, with the hope that this legacy won't make him feel any bigger or stuck up than he is at present.

I bequeath to him a job on my farm worth eighty dollars—that of digging a cellar where by he can make two dollars a day.

I give to him all the frugality that I possess, with the hope that he will enter into the immediate possession of it. It will not make him any poorer.

I also give him forty thousand dollars in genuine Continental currency; it may not be so very valuable, but it is worth as much as he is.

To Washington I give my certificate of membership in the Foreign Missions, with the hope that he will use it to both his advantage and the heathen's.

Also one wood-saw and the accompanying buck. With the little exercise of the elbow riches can be made to flow in on him at the rate of a dollar and a half a day; it will also give him some appetite for breakfast that it will stir him up in time to get it.

I also give him the following advice worth a hundred thousand dollars, to wit:

A man should always live within his means if he means to live.

A bird in the hand is worth no more than two in the bush.

Politeness never did anybody any harm unless it got to be too excessive.

Don't spend very much more than you earn.

Don't covet your neighbor's chattels nor his chat.

Be honest and you will disappoint your enemies.

Heed the words of the wise if you do not think they know more than you.

Never put off to-morrow a shirt you can put off to-day.

Take care of the pence and the ex-pence will not be a source of trouble to you.

Money is very easily dispensed.

A dollar in the purse is worth two in the promise.

Have no more friends than you can conveniently keep your eye on.

Train a boy up in the way he should be made to go.

As the twig is bent (over the back of a boy) so the boy is inclined.

A little sense goes further than several dollars—if you could only get people to believe it.

Don't talk any more than you get paid for, if wind is cheap.

Get as many truths in your conversation as you can—without injuring yourself.

Be respectful to the aged and you will live long in the land without many accidents.

Pay for all that you get and get all that you pay for.

A foolish tongue should be a hot potato in your mouth.

A man can be wise and not know it; but no man can be a fool and not show it.

A wise son knows his father and a wise father not his son's.

What was left of his riches my uncle gave to other people, and with this munificent set I set out in life. Every cent of money I have ever had since—I have diligently earned with my own hands—other than I have been mentioned in a good many wills since, but—merely as a precaution.

What I have I have got by hardships of industry—the rheumatism, the bronchitis, neuralgia, and so forth. My uncle died after that will was written, as was expected, but I have always had reason to be glad that he left me—left me. The will never improved my circumstances.

Yours, with a will,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Newfoundland fishermen are sending up the annual wall about the "total failure" of the cod fishery. But suppose it is a failure, who will be the greatest sufferers, anyway—they, or our own American aristocracy?

—The powder factory at Bridgeport, Ct., has this year supplied Russia with 40,000,000 cartridges, and Turkey with 70,000,000, and has just got an order for 80,000,000 from Italy. The Russian and Turkish inspecting officers have been working side by side at the factory.

—A man at Fairview, Ky., with a craving for liquor, after selling everything of value where-with to buy the stimulant, took his few months' old child and traded it over the bar for a drink of whiskey. The child was afterward redeemed by the mother on paying for the liquor.

—Our brethren across the sea can no longer complain that "we haven't the ops to make good beer in this blasted country," for, last year, we not only raised all the hops needed in America—which is saying a good deal—but we sent \$2,305,000 worth abroad; and this season it is expected that we shall have as much as 50,000 or 60,000 bales for export.

—A young fellow in love with a widow got so jealous at a ball in Houston, Texas, the other night, that he got a license and a preacher, and going to the widow's home a little before day, informed her that she must marry him instantly, or he would make a lead mine of the other fellow. She married him.

—The Turkish successes are partly due to the advice of some of the best strategists in Europe. It is reported that Von Moltke, after giving the Russians a plan of campaign, has with laudable impartiality accorded the Turks a similar plan, and watches with peculiar interest the developments which result.

—Colonel Prejavalzky's explorations in Central Asia have been of the most interesting and important kind. For the first time since Marco Polo has a civilized traveler visited Lake Lob, which he coasted in a boat, 130 miles south of it; he noted the Torim river, and in the Altyn Tau mountain range, which has an altitude of 10,000 feet, he killed several wild camels, animals whose existence had long been called in question.

—The editor of the Great Bend (Kan.) *Tribune* permits his ten-year-old son to edit one column of the paper, and set the type for it. Last week the following paragraph appeared in the boy's column: "The Sunday-school concert last Sunday night was very largely attended; the room was as full as it could be, and the scholars did well except me. I made a perfect failure. I knew my piece, but it slipped out of my mind just at the time it ought not to. I felt very bad about it for a while, but will try and do better next time."

—A man from Honey Lake saw a railroad for the first time in his life the other day at Reno. In speaking of the wonder to a friend he said: "The forward thing just g'n a couple of coughs, and then the whole string of 'em got up and started right off." "That that lead steer pulls powerful fine," was what the Oregon man said when his two sons, living at Elko, took him out to the railroad track for the first look at the cars. "What you call 'um; heap wagon, no boss?" asked the Plute Indian when he saw the first train.

—An Ohio paper describes what it terms the "Black Country" of the United States fifty years hence. It is a district of one hundred square miles, including the counties of Athens, Perry and Hocking. In fifty years, it affirms this region will equal any coal region in the world. The district has twenty-two feet of solid coal in five seams. The great vein (properly bed) is in places twelve feet thick, and nowhere less than six feet. Mingled among the coal-beds are inexhaustible beds of iron. The thickest is five feet deep at the outcrop; the thinnest, in places, sinks to six inches.

—Where does all the cotton go to? Last year some of it went as follows: To Great Britain, 270,387,000 pounds; Germany, 335,750,000; France, 310,000,000; Russia, 150,000,000; Austria, 104,000,000; Spain, 80,500,000; and the United States consumed 674,688,000 pounds. England manufactures 43 per cent. of all cotton goods, the United States 23 per cent., and the continental countries of Europe 33 per cent. England exports one-half of her manufactures; the United States only 7 per cent., which is not a very flattering exhibit for the enterprise and activity of our manufacturers.

—Mother Shipton flourished in England in the seventeenth century, and several of her books of prophecy were published as follows: "Her Prophecies," 1641; "Two Strange Prophecies," 1642; and "Her Life and Curious Prophecies," in 1797. We suppose the latter refers to the one that goes the rounds of the press occasionally, predicting the end of the world in 1881, and so on. The singular prophecies which have been nearly, if not wholly, fulfilled. Doubt has been cast upon the authorship and date of this celebrated effusion; but if the world should come to an end in 1881, most people who have read it will be apt to believe it a genuine prophecy.

—The unusually warm weather of this autumn has filled the fields around Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, with wonders of nature. A correspondent of the *Troy Times* says: "We have a very singular autumn, its like being unknown to the oldest frontiersman. There is a second growth of strawberries, black and red raspberries, and some apple trees are in blossom, while the apples have not yet been picked. On our farm we have cut the second crop of hay." The oystermen of Maryland state that the weather has never been more favorable for catching oysters than this season, and as unfavorable for selling them. The boatmen have had more oysters spoil on their hands this year than ever occurred in the same space of time before.

—The tortoise is a safe weather-prophet. M. Bouchard, in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences at its recent session, described the precautions taken by tortoises against cold weather. Their instinct tells them in the milder seasons when the thermometer is likely to fall to freezing point; and, toward the end of autumn, warns them also of the approach of winter. In both cases they take precautions to screen themselves from cold, and by carefully observing them M. Bouchard has for years been enabled to regulate his hot-house. At the end of autumn, when the winter threatens to be severe, tortoises creep deep into the earth, so as to conceal themselves completely from view. If, on the contrary, the winter promises to be mild, they scarcely go down an inch or two, just enough to protect the openings of their shells. Once, when the thermometer stood at 50 F., he saw the tortoises creep into the ground, and that very night the glass fell to 38 F. Another time, the mercury being at 110 F. in the sun, one of the tortoises hid itself. On the following morning there was hoar frost.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Love's Adoration," "The Summer City," "Endeavor," "The Mute's Death," "An Autumn Monody," "November," "Emma," "A Wedding Night," "The Yeoman," "Only Gone Before."

Declined: "A Reverie," "The Peace that Pass-eth," "A Bad Beginning, etc.," "Patsy Paddock's Pie," "Mrs. Benjamin Blotts," "A Square Meal," "Why He Can't Away."

M. L. Poems accepted. Title changed to one.

J. L. Jr. Book sent. See what is said to Noble H.

Noble H. We do not wish for matter such as you indicate. You are evidently too young and too inexperienced yet to write for the press.

CHAS. F. A. The lives of Greene, Marion, etc., were given in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, in its series of "Men of '76," published during the winter of 1876-7.

REPENTANCE. Your course is judicious and if persevered in will make you all you desire. Exercise, sleep, excellent diet and perfectly regular hours are better than all medicine for mind or body diseased.

BASCUM. Writing is much too ornamental. It will be greatly improved to leave off its "curls." No bank or railway office would admit such writing to the books. Try to acquire a plain, easy style that will be read at a glance, then your chance for employ as a bookkeeper or railway clerk will be good.

LAST HIND WHEEL. Oil Cakes writes only for Beadle and Adams. You will find in his "Vagabond Joe," just issued in a *Beadle's Half Dime Library*, just the story you ask for. No prospect of a "Mexican war" although there is considerable trouble on the border. Your only hope of a soldier's life is to enlist in the regular U. S. army.

FLYING DUTCHMAN. Use balsam of copaiba on the foot-sole, or a carbolic ointment, and be careful not to irritate the sore surface.—Peanuts are grown on very warm sandy soil, and are sold as New York. Their best climate is found in North Carolina. Bread-fruit is found in the tropic Pacific islands.—It would be rather rude to refuse a lady's request for your company.

D. G. N. Your own opinion of your work, and its merit as compared with the work of others, may be quite correct, but in no manner affects our judgment. If authors' views prevail in school books, of matter we should have a queer paper. A full half dozen reasons avail in the selection or refusal of contributions—only one of which is merit, and necessarily learn the whole structure of school and application of speech.—Dr. Asa Gray's "First Text Book on Botany" will answer your purpose in that study.

W. L. C. Oil Coomes' "Foghorn Phil" was published in the *Dime Novel Series* No. 310. The latest issues of Beadle and Adams Twenty Cent Novels are: "Silver Sam," by Col. Della Sara (No. 32); "Jack Rabbit," by Joe. E. Badger (No. 33); "Bowtie-Knife Ben," by Oil Coomes (No. 30). The series in the SATURDAY JOURNAL 248-260 were: "Aida Barrett," by Mrs. Elliot; "Falsely Accused," by George L. Aiken; "Old Bull's Eye," by Joseph E. Badger, Jr.; "The Rival Brothers," by Mrs. Fleming; "The Dumb Page," by Captain Whittaker; "Capt. Mayne Reid's Story," by Captain Whittaker, given in No. 223, "Silver Sam," as a character, does not reappear as Silver Sam, in Mr. Aiken's new novel, "Gold Dan."

Mrs. MARY T. S. Colored stockings are quite as fashionable as ever, and most desirable for children. Solid dark grounds crossed with horizontal hair lines of some bright contrasting color is a new, natural and favorable style. Dark ground and squares by bands of white, is another of the new fancies. Particularly pretty hose for children are of two solid colors, the upper half of cardinal red, and of navy blue, the lower half of cardinal red, a device of embroidery of the brighter color terminating it where the two meet. The prevalence of colored hose during the last year, and the harmlessness that has accompanied their use, proves the absurdity of the few attempts that have been made to frighten people into being injurious to the health. We have never heard of but one *authentic* case where the dye in the stockings affected the health of the wearer.

"DESPAIRING ONE" may take courage, for among the various styles of winter millinery, the most find something to suit her face, taste and purse. Felt hats and bonnets, in every color and shade, demand, the favorite shapes for young women being the cottage and the coronet. In hats there is a shape precisely like a jockey's cap; another becoming one is round with a high crown, and a third, front and back and exceedingly narrow side brim, very like the light felt hats worn by gentlemen during the past summer. The latter is a new shape, with a buckle, a rolling brim and crushed crown. The favorite style of trimming these new shapes of round hats is with plain bands of velvet or fur braid, with a buckle, or a single row of feathers. However, these plain trimmings may give place to more elaborate ones for those to whom the jaunty, simple style is not pleasing or becoming.

Any one MEXICA asks: "Is there any way in which I can take names written in indelible ink out of linen? If so I shall be very pleased, for I have a quantity of garments left me by a cousin, all bearing her name, which I wish to get rid of. Do you mine?" Also will you tell me what R. S. V. P. means on a note sent by a gentleman to a lady, stating his intention to call upon her at a certain hour, and to dampen the spots and keeping covered with table salt; lastly, wash in ammonia. R. S. V. P. are French for the French sentence *repondez, si vous plait*—"answer if you please," and signify that the gentleman wishes his note answered, probably to know if his call will be agreeable and convenient to the lady before he fulfills the intention therein expressed. The initials are frequently used upon formal notes of invitation to dinners and parties.

CORA SPENCER. Your dark green crossed cloth, with the shotted stripes, is quite as fashionable a fabric as it was last season. To obviate the tiresome weight of the suit use no linings, and since you desire it for a street suit, trim the skirt with at least two inches from the ground all around, after the latest Parisian fashion. Make the upper part of the skirt as scant as possible, and finish with a cord, *half-plaiting* of the goods, about half a yard deep. After this is once firmly pressed, only the upper part of it should be tacked to a tape, and the lower left loose. Surround this with a cord, or three rows of dark green braid crossed with gilt threads, or mixed with silver, white or gilt threads, as suits the fancy; quite a new and stylish braid may be used instead of repeated rows of the same. Make a wide sash, lying in several deep folds; trim upper and lower edge with the braid, and lower edge also with fringe; trim the dress above the half-plaiting and braid with the sash, fastening it with a large, stylish bow of green silk. Your old cuirass waist will do for this season, adding a vest and jacket, like the Breton jacket. Trim waist and sleeves with b

AN AUTUMN MONODY.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

I sing a song of autumn,
A song of the falling leaves,
A song of the gold-ripe corn,
A song of the gathered sheaves;
O sad west winds that moan
Of pallid skies that weep
For summer's lost and lovely forms
Which under the cold ground sleep.

In the deep and dim old woods
Are splendor-lit arcades,
And winged enchantments glide
Through silent overgrown glades,
The leafy dome overhead,
Of every radiant hue,
Like a rent robe of glory seems
With heaven gleaming through.

In the low-lying vales
And on the hill-tops bare,
A dreamy mistiness
Is in the autumn air,
And everywhere the leaves
Are falling to decay,
And everywhere the singing birds
Are hastening away.

The summer realm of flowers
Has vanished like a dream,
Earth's fairest jewels sunk
In Time's unceasing stream;
And step by step the year
Its path marked by the dead,
Is crushing all things beautiful
Neath its remorseless tread.

The dying bed of Nature
The faded earth appears,
A cloud in Time's brow,
And in his eye are tears;
For death is at earth's heart,
Slow wasting her away,
And this the hectic parasite
That blossoms on decay!

Justice or Injustice?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

If ever in her career of fashionable life as beauty and belle, Egeria Delmayne had exceeded herself in her appearance and general elegance of style, it was to-night, when she stood before her mirror, ready dressed for Mrs. Atherton's reception.

It was after ten o'clock, and her carriage was waiting at the door; her maid had in readiness her thick, soft white cloak to wrap warmly around the shapely shoulders; her bouquet lay in its tiny silver holder—everything was in waiting readiness for her to go, but yet she stood before her glass, eagerly scrutinizing every detail of her face, form and toilet with a keen, half-satisfied criticism of gaze not at all usual to her—this proud, peerless woman, who had learned that, dress as she might, wear what she would, she was always immeasurably superior to other women—other women who always paled before her.

But to-night was a crisis in her life, and she who had almost indifferently but never carelessly, or with the slightest abatement of her refined, quiet, dignified bearing, dressed her beautiful self to grace a royal drawing-room; to-night was almost feverishly anxious to look her very best for Carroll Desmond's eyes—Carroll Desmond, the one, only man she had ever loved, and for whose sake she had remained unmarried all these years—and she was nearer thirty now than twenty.

It had been an absorbing passion with them both, and their engagement had been as ecstatically happy as brief. Then had come some rumor to her that off somewhere was a fair little snowdrop of a girl whom Desmond greatly admired, whose picture he carried, and all the hot anger and jealousy of Egeria's tropical nature was aroused, and she succeeded in infuriating her lover to such an extent that they parted in silent wrath, that hardened into pride which deepened the breach between them daily, until, at last, Egeria permitted herself to become engaged to some suitor of hers whom she knew Mr. Desmond especially despised, hoping thereby to pique the man she really adored into making an effort at conciliation.

And instead, Carroll Desmond, who had been secretly hoping and expecting that Egeria would humble herself, turned around and deliberately married Daisy Liston—the fair little snowdrop of a girl who was as winter starshine to the golden glory of a summer day compared to magnificent Miss Delmayne—a sweet, trusting, confiding little girl who rapturously worshipped her handsome husband, and who thought Heaven had been strangely good to her to permit her to be the wife of such a man as he.

Then Egeria had almost died from the terrible shock of her lover's marriage. For months she had been on the verge of desperate pain; she instantly canceled her engagement with her disconsolate suitor, and shut up her elegant house, and had taken her maid and invited her aunt, and went off for a six months' tour abroad, and came back, cured of her despair of acute disappointment, but callous into a merciless, almost heartless woman, who delighted in using the power of her beauty and grace and position to cut men to the heart.

But, she never forgot Carroll Desmond, never for one moment. In all those miles of travel, in all those hours of apparent indifference, in times of triumph, or nights of wakeful misery, Egeria never forgot him, not that, although she had conquered that wild longing for him she was still, and always would be, the one man in all the wide world she had loved or could love.

And now, to-night, the very first time she would appear in society after her return from abroad, she was to meet him—and his wife, his wife!

She had looked forward to this meeting with an eagerness equal to that of a girl anticipating her first ball. She had planned her toilet with almost nervous dread, for the first time in her life, she should fail of looking well; and now, at the last moment before she started from the house, she dismissed her maid to the anteroom, and took a final, eager survey.

She certainly was magnificent in her beauty and unapproachable in her toilet—that was of the richly radiant tint of lemon, in thick lustrous silk, that so especially became her, with her ivory-fair complexion that had not the remotest hint of coloring except the lovely red lips, that set off exquisitely her raven-black hair and dusky eyes beneath fringing lashes and luxurious brows—eyes that were magnetic in their glances, and that were glowing now as she smiled slowly, with growing satisfaction with herself—glowing with a tropical, intense splendor.

Every detail was perfect, from the trailing spray of jessamine in her lustrous puffs of hair, to the tip of her boot; from the great glowing topazes that swung from her ears, sparkled on her bosom, and clasped her lovely arms, in almost barbaric splendor, to the sweep of her train and the fit of her pallid gloves.

She gave one smiling look at herself as she received her fur-lined wrap, and then went down to the carriage—to go forth to the fate that was to envelop so many lives.

As she had desired, it was late when she entered the brilliant rooms of her hostess, leaning on the arm of her host. People had almost

given her up, and she saw just the delight and admiration and envy and astonishment she had determined to create, as she bowed and smiled, and exchanged graciously haughty greetings almost as a princess of the blood royal might have done.

All the while there was but one thought in her heart, but one desire—to meet Carroll Desmond. Would he be the same as when they two were all the world to each other—that is, would he be the same gallant, glorious fellow! And then all of a sudden, when she was least expecting it, his well-remembered voice spoke to her, his selfsame old audacity she had so liked was in his manner as he casually met her, and Mr. Atherton, in the almost-deserted music-room whither Egeria had begged to be taken.

"How glad I am to see you once more, Miss Delmayne. Atherton, there's a good fellow, just let me relieve you of your enviable burden, won't you? I want to talk to my old friend dreadfully."

And somehow—she never knew how, or why she did not make the protest she could so well and gracefully have made—Egeria found herself leaning on Carroll Desmond's arm, and they two slowly sauntering through the half-dusk light and warm fragrance of the conservatory, that opened from the music-room.

It was he who spoke first, with a look that was ardent admiration, if nothing more.

"Well, Egeria?"

She smiled coolly—her heart was throbbing so violently she feared he could see her temples pulsate.

"It is well—very well, indeed, Mr. Desmond. You cannot imagine how impatient I am to see the lovely girl you have married. People say she is perfection. Is she really as beautiful as I remember her picture was?"

Desmond was completely taken aback by her utterly indifferent, entirely frigid, polite interest. A frown, that she remembered, with mingled triumph that she could cause it, and agony that the remembrance could touch her so. But, her well-disciplined countenance gave no hint of her thoughts, and he went on, just a little sarcastically:

"Oh, yes—you have seen Mrs. D.'s picture; she is certainly very pretty, very pretty, indeed—not at all your style."

She laughed outright.

"Thanks for the charming inference, Mr. Desmond! Please do take me to her."

She lifted her eyes, so full of magnetic lights and dusky shades, to his, with a glance that thrilled his very soul, although he could not tell whether it meant love or hate.

He courteously obeyed her request, and people saw them as they came in from the conservatory, arm-in-arm, so full of grace and beauty and style, so perfectly fitted for each other, and so perfectly contrasting in their physique—she, such a magnificent, ivory-complexioned brunette, and he with his indolent, languid elegance that blonde men—handsome blonde men can acquire so well. People saw them—and Carroll Desmond's wife saw them, sitting like some pallid little flower, beside some talkative, good-natured gossip.

"You know her, of course, Mr. Desmond! Miss Delmayne! Isn't she beautiful! Your husband and she were very intimate once, you know."

And before the mute astonishment and admiration, and—and—some other nameless expression could leave Daisy Desmond's eyes, her husband came up to her, with Egeria on his arm—radiant, magnificent, gracious, with a cool, patronizing condescension that little Daisy could understand and feel conscious of, yet not define.

Mr. Desmond introduced the two in an off-hand, easy way.

"This is my field-flower, Egeria—Daisy, sweet, let me introduce Miss Delmayne, an old friend, you will recollect, Mrs. Desmond, Miss Delmayne." And Egeria parted her lips in a faint smile, and opened her eyes a little wider, and gave her hand to Daisy, and expressed her immense delight at meeting her.

"And you really must excuse me for keeping him away from you so long, dear Mrs. Desmond. But you know we had so much to say—you will pardon us?"

And Daisy gravely assured her she had nothing to pardon, while in her soul she feared already this siren-faced, lovely-voiced woman who had so much to say to her husband.

And Desmond thrilled with sudden pleasure to hear the sweetness of Egeria's tones as she coupled themselves together, and a determination seized him that it would go hard with him if somewhat, at least, of the old-time intimacy were not renewed.

While Egeria, behind her mask of smiles and sweetness, was enduring pitiful heart-throes, and almost hating unto death this pure-browed, gray-eyed girl-wife, and almost swearing that she would make Carroll Desmond repent the day he had played such desperate game of pique against her.

That was the beginning. Each mental decision made by those three fate-intervened mortals came truer and truer every day. Daisy Desmond learned to fear the splendid beauty that was fascinating her husband as in earlier days, that was drawing him further and further away from her; Egeria Delmayne found that she hated the young wife with a jealousy only exceeded by her determination to prove her own powers over the man who had married for pique; and Carroll Desmond, maddened by Egeria's beauty, by the knowledge of what he had lost, and by the arch, sweet subtleties of temptation with which she lured him on, found that every day deepened and widened the breach between him and his gentle, patient, suffering little wife.

But he was powerless to stem the current of mad infatuation that hurried him on, until it culminated so awfully.

It had been a warm spring day, and Egeria, beautiful as a painting in the light, airy costume, and with a hard mercilessness with which one would not have credited her, had gone to call upon Daisy—Daisy whom she was killing by degrees, but who dared not cry out and denounce her.

Mr. Desmond was at home—he was always at home when Miss Delmayne called—and after she had left Daisy's boudoir up-stairs, he stepped out from his library door and called her as she passed.

"Only a moment, Egeria; come inside just a moment. I want you to tell me how much longer this is to last this way?"

He had caught her pearl-gloved wrist in a grasp that was almost cruel, and yet, despite the strength of the clutch, Egeria saw how he trembled with the earnestness of what he said and meant.

"I do not know what you mean, Carroll!" she said Carroll nowadays.

"You do know. You know I never for a moment ceased loving you—that I do not love her. You know what I mean—it must end—this farce we both are playing. When shall it end, Egeria? For God's sake, say at once! We will go, and have all the world in each other. You shall go with me, Egeria!"

A flash of deathly paleness went across her pure white face as she looked up in his eyes.

"Carroll Desmond! What do you mean when you say I shall go with you? I shall not go—you do not love your wife, I know, and I love you, you know, but—never—that other alternative—never!"

His blue eyes flashed in her face.

"My wife shall not be the barrier—you hear that, Egeria? If it were not for her—say, Egeria—"

But a horror in her eyes silenced him.

"Carroll Desmond!"

His voice matched her own for emphasis.

"Egeria Delmayne! After all that has come and gone, you dare play at propriety now! By the heavens above, you shall not do that! Egeria! you have confessed more than once you loved me; I have seen it in your manner; it has looked from your eyes. I will not be cheated of the one coveted happiness my life may yet know, Egeria! My only love, my darling, say it shall be so!"

And as the intense, passionate words left his lips, as Egeria stood there, conscious of the fact that a human passion was a terrible thing to face, conscious that she had never dreamed, never imagined it would come to this, as they two stood there, Daisy Desmond crept from the shadow of the door where she had paused, as she was about to enter the room, at the sound of her husband's impetuous words.

With slow, almost crawling footsteps, she got herself away, a woe on her sweet, childlike face, a shadow in her pure gray eyes that never was to be lifted, and only hidden, when after hours of such awful conflict with such fearful odds of pain and wretchedness and hopeless love against the possibility of better things, that her head and her heart weakened, and she desperately took her young life in her hands, unable to bear the woe of living.

Mr. Desmond himself found her, late that evening, lying among the great green glossy leaves of the immense calla in the pool in the conservatory; her brown hair clinging in wet curling tresses around her still white face, her darker lashes sweeping her cheeks placidly, her little fair hands closed over each other.

Of course it was an accident—a terrible, heartrending accident. Mrs. Desmond had gone into the conservatory for flowers, and had fallen into the deep tank that held the calla—a thought of suicide never entered any one's head.

Strange though it seems, even Desmond never imagined such a thing. Why should he have? He had never spoken an unkind word to Daisy in his life. He had been positive that she never suspected his wicked disloyalty to her; their home was beautiful and pleasant; friends were many and loving; therefore there had no possible suspicion crossed his mind.

He was free, free! Free to marry Egeria Delmayne, the one love of his life, the girl he had loved lawfully—the woman he had adored guiltily. Daisy was gone, the barrier removed with awful suddenness, and now remained only the decorous waiting, and then the reward.

At the very first, he was uncertain what to do. His impulse was to see Egeria and tell her how it must be when the time came, but he did not yield to it; and, strange as it was for his impetuous nature to be restrained, he did restrain it, and was silent for a time, every moment of which made him yearn more and more toward her who now could be his very, very own.

Then, when he had resolved to go abroad and spend the time of his mourning away from watchful eyes who might not fail to detect the real relief and expectation in his heart, he wrote to Egeria a long, passionate letter, in which he laid bare his very heart and soul, and told her all his joys and hopes, and how he depended upon her to be loyal and true until he came for her, in a year's time, to be his love, his bride.

He specially said he needed no answer, and he proposed no correspondence—it seemed to him that if he held no communication with her, it would serve as a sort of peace-offering in consideration of his true feelings about Daisy's death.

Then he went away, and if he counted the months and the weeks and the days until his return, Egeria Delmayne counted the hours and the minutes, with a rapture of ecstasy that at last, at last, it was to be with her as she had so wildly wished. It seemed that as the time for his return grew nearer, Egeria became more startlingly beautiful. Her dusky eyes had in them a vivid intense light that almost bewildered one. She seemed overflowing with exquisite vitality and happiness, and yet no one ever heard her lover's name on her lips, or ever saw a consciousness in her manner when his name was mentioned, as it frequently was, now that every one knew of his speedy return.

Egeria had arranged her charming little plan of welcome for him, and on the afternoon of the day—the day of days that was to give her to her lover's arms, her lover's kisses—she had taken her aunt and gone to Carroll Desmond's house to give the last womanly touches to the welcome the well-trained servants had undertaken—dainty touches, that only the hands of a loving, refined woman can give.

She saw that everything was in the order in which it should have been—she saw that the rooms were artistically lighted, and then, while her aunt personally superintended the arrangements in the dining-room, Egeria had gone alone into the conservatory to gather tiny bouquets for her darling's plate, and to put beneath his portrait in the drawing-room, and to lay on the dressing-case in his room.

Warner, the gardener, had lighted the lamps in the conservatory, and the dusk, fragrant air sent a thousand memories thrilling over her as she went among the plants, with her eyes glowing with radiant delight and her white skirts trailing after her like a cloud.

Then, she paused by the water-lily tank, where the huge, glossy leaves slept placidly on the dark bosom of the waters; she peered in almost fascinated by the thoughts that came surging over her, wondering, with a little shiver of nervous horror if she could see dead Daisy's face if she leaned further over—nearer the thick stem of the lily that surely was strong enough to bear her light weight one little second—and then—then—

When Carroll Desmond came rushing in his house ten minutes afterward, his face all aglow with delight, his blue eyes full of passionate tenderness for the woman to whose home he had first gone, to be told he would find her here—when Carroll Desmond came in, the very first thing he saw was a dripping dead form, with wide-open, anguished eyes that never more would smile on him—a fair, rigid form, with white draperies clinging ghastly around it, and the light of life forever fled.

Old Warner had heard the splash when Egeria had fallen in, and had done his utmost to save her; but—she had already tasted of the cup her hands had helped put to Daisy's lips.

And, though Carroll Desmond's life was blighted past hope, shall any one say whether or not it was just or unjust?

A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY EDWARD WILLET.

So softly blew the night breeze
From off the sea—from off the sea,
I thought that it was waiting
My love to me—my love to me.
I looked upon the sky last night,
One star with such familiar light,
Nodded, and beckoned, and whispered, it seemed,
And whispered so fast,
And told me that all I had ever dreamed
Was true at last!

So kindly blew the night-breeze
From off the sea—from off the sea,
I thought 'twas bringing tidings
Of joy to me—of joy to me.
I heard the murmur of the breeze,
I heard the rustling of the trees,
The wind and the trees sung together, and said—
So sweet was the song—
Oh, fear not that true love can ever be dead,
Or tarry too long!

The wind blows cold this morning
From off the sea—from off the sea;
I wake to find my darling
Is not with me—is not with me.
And can it be that stars will lie,
That winds speak falsely when they sigh?
Hark! what is that step I hear on the stair?
Joy enough, now, in the house, and to spare—
He is come!—he is come!

Margoun, the Strange;

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M.D.
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

MERCHANT AND CLERK.—THE STRANGE VIAL.

It was some moments before Denby could control himself. He had certainly been powerfully wrought upon by the sight of some person, whom, through the half-open door of the parlor, he had seen; and that person was Gilbert Grayling's wife.

But she knew that Denby was expected there; her husband had told her as much. And her keen ears had detected a foot-fall in the passage without. Hastily excusing herself to her husband, she arose.

"Why, my love, you are not in the way," said Mr. Grayling. "You can—"

"Oh, no, Gilbert, she hurriedly interrupted. "Business-talk is dry stuff for me. Then, too, I care not to see Mr. Denby; I should be all the time remembering that his father was hung for murder!"

She hastily retreated to the room adjoining the parlor, and as the door closed upon her, Abner Denby, after a warning rap, pleasant to the young man's face was pale as marble.

Old Grayling glanced at him.

"Why, Mr. Denby, you look as though you had seen a ghost!" he said, in some surprise; for though Abner's face was always white, yet it was never as bloodless as now.

"Oh, 'tis nothing, Mr. Grayling," hastily rejoined Denby. "Only my old complaint—a little neural trouble. I ascended the stairs too rapidly, just now."

"Ah!—yes, I remember. But sit down, man, and take a glass of brandy; genuine Otard. It will do you good."

He pushed the decanter and a glass toward the young man.

Denby for a moment was undecided. He was abashed at this condescension on the part of the "aristocrat." It had never manifested itself before. Bowing low, however, he poured out some of the rich liquor, and in a significant voice, said:

"I drink to your happiness, sir, in your future wedded life!"

He drained the glass, and drew a chair close to the table—his lead-blue eyes flashing covertly over Mr. Grayling.

That old gentleman started at Abner's toast, and a slight frown wrinkled his brow. But he grunted:

"Eh!—yes; thanks, Mr. Denby. I daresay I'll be happy to believe I will; that is, I am quite sure. However, I'll take a swallow of that brandy, myself," and thus stammering, he drew the decanter over and took a drink.

"This is a fine article, sir," said Abner, a malicious smile curling his thin lips, a glance of triumph shining in his eyes.

"My wife was in here a moment ago," said Mr. Grayling, wiping his lips and paying no heed to Abner's encomium on the brandy. "I wanted her to stay; but she wouldn't. You know she is shy as yet," and the old fellow laughed confidentially. "No wonder; she is still young, quite young."

"Yes, sir, very young—so you condescendingly wrote me."

"And she is afraid of the men," replied Mr. Grayling, still smiling. "But, hang it! he continued, as a suspicious glimmer came to his old eyes, "she wasn't much afraid of them on the steamer—especially of the young ones!"

"But I am only a clerk, sir," put in Abner, meekly, as he smiled covertly at the old gentleman's admission.

"Well, enough of her, just now. I wanted to see you on business, Mr. Denby—to talk about money matters."

"I have my memorandum book, sir, of money received and expended," rejoined Abner, drawing from his bosom a stout, leather-bound book.

They were soon engaged in a deep and absorbing conversation; for lavish as was Gilbert Grayling, and rich as he was, he was a money-lover.

It was long past ten o'clock before Abner arose and took his hat.

"A moment, Mr. Denby," interrupted Mr. Grayling. "You say that my daughter left the city this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir; I saw her and Miss Dean safely aboard the cars."

"And you furnished Miss Grayling money?"

"Yes, sir—as you directed."

"How much?"

"You did not limit me, sir, and thinking under the circumstances that a good sum would be needed, why, I handed her from my own funds—it was at night, last night—yes, her receipt calls for a thousand dollars; here it is."

He handed the strip of paper to the old gentleman, who glanced at it, shrugged his shoulders, and muttered:

"Yes, a good sum, indeed! But I can afford it; and I daresay it can be judiciously used in putting the old Grange to rights."

"Of course, sir—easily. But, when do you expect to leave for home, Mr. Grayling?"

The old gentleman pondered for a moment. Then he replied:

"Not for several days yet. I wish to look around the city, and give a glance at business matters. Besides that, I wish the Grange to be in good shape before I get there. I must be comfortable."

"That's very good, very good, Mr. Denby," he said, cordially and approvingly. "I'll hand you my check now for the money you advanced Miss Grayling—\$1,000—and to show you my appreciation of your business push, I'll add \$100."

"Oh, thanks, sir, many thanks! I only did my best."

Writing materials were upon the table; and Mr. Grayling soon filled out a check, and gave it to his clerk.

Reiterating his thanks, and bidding the old gentleman good-night, Abner turned away; but as he reached the door, he paused abruptly and said:

"Somebody whom you know, Mr. Grayling, arrived from abroad last night," and he watched the old man's face keenly.

"Some one from abroad? Some one I know?" asked Mr. Grayling, in a quick, surprised tone.

"Yes, sir. You know him, or did know him well—Thorle Manton."

"Thorle Manton! The deuce you say!" and the old man almost bounded from his chair.

"I saw him last night enter the Astor House. He must have come in the steamer Adriatic; for she was the only craft that got into port last night."

"Confound it! This is vexatious! Why, do you know, Mr. Denby, that one of my main objects in coming from abroad in mid-winter, was—"

He paused and frowned.

"Was what, sir?"

"Why to repay that reckless young man for the saucy letter he once wrote me. Then, too, the Grange estate would be far more complete with the addition of the Lodge farm. My object was, and, by heavens, is—to purchase the latter tract."

"Yes, sir, I understand. But I fear you are wearied; so I'll bid you good-night again."

He left the room, closing the door behind him.

When he was alone, Mr. Grayling strode for several moments up and down the soft-carpeted parlor. A frown wrinkled his brow, and an anxious, uneasy expression rested upon his face.

He paused by the table, and helped himself again to the brandy.

"Confound it!" he muttered. "Somehow or another I feel that I am getting into trouble. Thorle Manton back again! And my only hope of getting the Lodge property is that the young fellow is as poor as ever. I dare say he is; he can't keep money. Well, there's some consolation in the fact that Abner Denby is honest, after all! Yes, and with his business tact, and love of money, he may make for Grace as good a husband as she can get. Now I—"

He stopped still, as just then he glanced at the door beyond, which led to his wife's bedroom.

What he saw there caused him to pause and draw back, while an angry scowl came to his brow.

The door was ajar, and the dark, thin face of the French maid, Florine, showed there. It was only for a moment, however, for the door was softly drawn to, and the watchful face disappeared within.

"Confound that girl! I almost hate her!" growled the old man. "She and my wife are far too intimate. One would scarcely take them for mistress and servant! Pardon my honor, I'll not allow this! But—no; it is plain enough that I am not wanted there."

He dropped into a chair, and leaned his elbows upon the table. He was soon lost in reverie. The moments sped by, and Mr. Grayling began to nod. Then he leaned back and settled himself in his chair. In a few minutes he was asleep.

How long he would have slumbered there would be hard to tell, but when he at last awoke, he did so under a gentle shake of the shoulder, and opened his eyes to see the tall, gaunt form of the French maid standing by him.

"Confound—"

"Madame awaits monsieur," she quietly interrupted. "Does monsieur know that it is past midnight?"

"Monsieur be hanged!" grunted the old gentleman, roughly. "I am tired of it. Call me Mr. Grayling, or nothing!"

"Madame awaits Mr. Grayling," she said, in the same quiet tone, and, with a bow, she moved off.

Old Gilbert arose; and as the girl disappeared in the adjoining room, he muttered:

"I love my wife honestly and sincerely; but I wonder if I have not made a fool of myself by marrying her!"

He strode slowly from the parlor to his wife's apartment.

When Abner Denby was out of the hotel he laughed wickedly.

"All right so far," he muttered, striding down the street. "And I made a good thing by being honest! But who would have dreamed that old Grayling had married her! I wonder what she'll say when she meets me face to face, as some time or other she must! Well, don't I hate old Grayling all the more for this? Or, ought I to be glad that I, a poor clerk, can twist her?"

He hurried on. In due time he reached his home away down-town, where his mother was awaiting him in the little parlor.

"News, mother!" he exclaimed. "Whom do you think old Gilbert Grayling has married?"

"Who—who, my son?" hurriedly asked the old woman, looking at him eagerly.

"You couldn't guess in ten thousand years!" "Tell me, Abner!"

The young man leaned over and whispered a name in her ear.

Mrs. Denby started as though a bolt from a cloudless sky had crashed into the room.

Early that evening when Mrs. Grayling had so hurriedly left the parlor, at the approach of Abner Denby, she retired to the nearest room.

It was a gorgeously-furnished apartment. No one was in it, save the young wife. The lights in the rose-colored globes were low. She raised them at once

She arose, glanced hurriedly toward the door which opened into the parlor, then at another leading to the apartment which adjoined her bedroom.

"I must see Florine," she said, moving hastily toward the last-named door, which she at once opened, and glancing in, said, in a low, cautious voice:

"Florine! Florine! where are you?"

"Here, madame," and the French maid emerged from the shadows—for her room was unlighted—and entering Mrs. Grayling's elegant apartment, bowed low.

"Come, Florine," he seated. I wish to see you on business. Be quiet as the grave, for the sharp-eared old man must not hear."

Florine's thin-cut lips smiled in derision. But she said, very quietly:

"Madame tires of monsieur—of Mr. Grayling."

The lady started.

"I did not say so, Florine."

"No, wonder, Florine!"

"No wonder, madame," and the girl met her mistress' gaze with unabashed front.

"And why no wonder, Florine?" asked Mrs. Grayling, in a whisper.

"Because monsieur is too old for madame," was the prompt reply. "Monsieur and madame made a laughing-stock for keen-eyed ones on the steamer."

"What!" and a stormy answer was upon the lady's lips. But, checking herself, she continued: "For all that, the old man is rich, is enormously wealthy. 'Twas always my ambition to marry a rich man, though I always failed until—However—"

She paused in some confusion.

"Until madame met monsieur," said Florine, without a quaver in her voice, as though she would complete the lady's unfinished sentence.

"But, madame—"

She in turn paused.

"But what, Florine? Go on."

"Mr. Grayling is rich; yet you can be just as rich as he, and—have a young husband, besides."

Florine's black eyes lingered with a deep, significant gleam on her mistress' face.

Mrs. Grayling started violently, and an ashen pallor swept every vestige of blood from her cheeks.

"That is what I wished to see you to talk with you about, Florine," she at last ejaculated, drawing her chair closer to the maid.

"Has monsieur made his will?" queried the latter.

"He has, after much urging on my part—only three nights ago, aboard the steamer. He has signed it; but it has not been witnessed, and may therefore be—"

"That does not matter," interrupted the maid, almost rudely, certainly disrespectfully. "If no other will can be found, this would be accepted. But its provisions, madame!—if you know."

"I do know!" was the impulsive reply. "For when the old man was asleep, I took the paper from his pocket and read every word."

"Well, madame?"

Besides providing for his daughter, and making a few trifling bequests, he leaves the bulk of his great property to me."

"Good, very good!" and Florine's eyes sparkled with an avicious light. "Then, when madame comes into possession of her property, she will not forget Florine Felle who has served her so long and so faithfully?"

"No, no; I forget nobody, nothing," was the rejoinder, a little scowl coming to the face of the speaker.

"And that time may soon come," pursued Florine. "Madame may wish it were here now!"

The words were spoken in a low, startling undertone.

Mrs. Grayling paled again, and for a moment shrunk away as if in terror; but, as the hard lines deepened around her mouth, and the cold, deadly luster shot from her half-closed eyes, she said:

"I have been thinking of it—much! But we must—"

"The work can be easily done," calmly interrupted the other in a hard, stern voice. "I have an abundance of that, which acted so well in the case of the old German baron, who suddenly died at Baden-Baden—of apoplexy, so the doctors certified."

Mrs. Grayling shuddered and placed her hands to her eyes, as though she would shut out some horrid vision.

"See," continued Florine, thrusting her hand into her bosom. "I have an abundance!—more than an abundance—when it takes only a single drop, say, a half-drop, to—"

She drew out a long, very slender, heavy vial of cut-glass, similar to those containing *attar of roses*, sold in Oriental cities.

"Put it up!" put it back, Florine!" hurriedly whispered Mrs. Grayling, shuddering violently again, as her eyes fell upon the vial. "Come, now, I wish to speak with you about something more; somebody else is in my way!"

A long conversation ensued. More than once during its progress, Florine had crept softly to the door and glanced in the parlor. The girl had been detected once, as the reader remembers.

When at last the conversation ended, Mrs. Grayling said:

"Go, Florine, and awaken Mr. Grayling—though I've a strong notion to let him sleep there all night!"

When Mr. Grayling entered the luxurious apartment he scarcely spoke to his wife. He retired at once, and when alone he muttered:

"I can compass all the rest now!" muttered the lady, as she arose at last. "All the rest, unless one comes to life—Thorle Manton!"

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE SLEEPING CAR.

THE train conveying Grace and her companion soon left the scenes of bustling city-life, and slid away into the wintry, snow-draped country. The tracks had been cleared and the locomotive dashed along, with its long line of coaches, at its usual rate of speed.

Grace was sad and silent; she paid only passing heed to what was going on around her. She was thinking of Madame Lefebvre's seminary which had so long been such a happy home for her. She was thinking of the warm friends whom she had left behind her, and of the gloomy, dismal old mansion to which she was rapidly hastening. She was contrasting her late life of contentment and freedom from care, with her future existence at the dreary, contrasting the gay city life and the genial comforts of the seminary, with the gloomy wilds, the wintry hills, and frozen lakes of northern New York!

More than all, Grace was pondering the recent news which was the occasion of this journey, and of the sudden smothering of endearing ties.

What would her life now be? Yes; especially as in the last twenty-four hours, she had learned to distrust and to dislike Clara Dean, with whom she had grown up to womanhood. Who was her new mother? What was she like? How would she act toward her? And Grace only knew one thing of her—that she was two years older than herself!

Thus she sat musing moodily to herself as the iron horse, at every lunge, bore her nearer and nearer to her old home on the distant lake.

Clara Dean was silent; but she was not so abstracted as was her fair-haired companion. Her restless eyes were wide open, and were keenly observing everything that was passing around her. But for the most part, they were bent steadily upon Thorle Manton.

She had met him, casually, some five or six years before, at a ball in New York where she chanced to be visiting. The passing time had not changed him so much, but that she recognized him at the first glance. He was stouter, more bronzed, handsomer—that was all. She knew it was he.

She was undecided what use to make of her information. Why she knew by chance as it were—might be of use to her, provided she kept it for a time, at least, from Grace.

At first she watched him keenly, as though from his conduct toward her she would shape her decision—whether he remembered her or not. That was soon decided positively in the negative.

Thorle Manton, after reaching the section in the "sleeper" assigned to him and the Hindoo, had leisurely thrown aside his overcoat, placed his hat in the rack, and made himself comfortable. As he seated himself, he glanced at the occupants of the car, as much as he could see. He was facing Clara Dean; and young man saw nothing of her face—only the gorgeous wealth of the sunny hair that sprayed down her back. But he had started slightly as his eyes first fell upon Clara; then he started the more as he noted her earnest, persistent stare. For a moment he swept her face keenly; but shaking his head, he leaned over and whispered something to the dusky Hindoo.

The East-Indian turned around carelessly in his seat, and glanced toward the two girls.

When his quiet, burning gaze fell upon her face, so calmly, yet so searching, Clara colored viciously, and hastily drew her veil over her face.

But, through the meshes of it, she saw something like a smile fit over the handsome face of Thorle Manton. The girl gripped her hands together, and uttered a low exclamation of anger.

Her sudden movement had aroused Grace from her reverie; and Clara's muttered words had reached her friend's ears.

"What is it, Clara?" she asked quickly, as she seated herself by the side of her school-mate.

"What is what, Grace?" asked Clara, sternly, her eyes still flashing through her veil at Thorle Manton, around whose lips the cynical smile lingered, as now and then he cast a glance toward her.

"What made you pull down your veil just now—and so abruptly? Certainly you do not wish to wear a veil in the cars! Something has annoyed you, I am certain."

"You have an over-plus of curiosity; I am certain of that," was the caustic reply.

"Clara!"

"There, now, don't get into a passion," said Clara; though her tone was far from being humble or conciliatory. "I am vexed!"

"At what?"

"At that impudent fellow, yonder, who has been staring and leering at me ever since I entered the car," said Clara, making a little motion toward Manton.

For the first time, Grace looked in that direction; for the first time in her life her eyes fell upon Thorle Manton. She started perceptibly, cast her eyes tremblingly down, then she looked up again, and swept the young man's face with a hurried but scrutinizing glance.

Margoum had laid aside his turban, and half reclining in the seat, did not attract the blonde's notice.

"He is a handsome fellow, at all events!" ejaculated Grace, earnestly and abstractedly. "He is one of the best-looking—"

She suddenly ceased, and as a carnation tinge glowed in her cheeks, she once again cast her eyes down.

"Good heavens! snared so soon!" muttered Clara to herself—a bitter, envious feeling suddenly filling her bosom, a vengeful gleam in her eyes.

And no wonder that Clara Dean started—no wonder that a rankling envy filled her bosom. For Thorle Manton had seen Grace Grayling at the moment she looked toward him. His jetty eyes had met hers, and the cynical smile left his lips.

At his very feature; and once again he bent over and spoke to his swarthy companion.

The East-Indian glanced back. As his eyes fell on Grace, her golden hair, her winsome womanly face, he nodded his head approvingly, and in turn spoke something to young Manton.

The latter only smiled—softly and yearningly—and, drawing a magazine from his pocket, turned to the light and prepared to read.

But, Thorle Manton's eyes glanced over the printed columns without taking in the meaning of a single word; his mind was otherwise engaged, his thoughts were wandering in a different direction.

He was thinking of the fair, angel-like face of the young girl before him; and dark thoughts, mingled with those of a brighter hope, were shadowing through his brain.

At that moment the attendant of the "sleeper" made his appearance for the purpose of changing the seats into couches; for the night had now deepened, and the train was far away from the great city, which it had left some hours before.

In a few moments the section assigned to the two girls was arranged for the night, the curtains were closed, and the maidens shut in from view.

Thorle Manton sighed and flung the magazine aside. He could not read. But he had no idea of retiring yet; and so he told the attendant, when that polite official came to the section. Margoum was laid down; and very now and then, he opened his eyes and glanced at the man whom he so much loved.

At last young Manton arose.

"I shall smoke a cigar, Margoum," he said. "You need not follow me."

"Yes, sahib," answered the Hindoo, who well understood that the young man wished to be alone; and placing a shawl under his head he leaned back, prepared to await his master's return.

Thorle, balancing himself by the seats, made his way toward the rear of the jolting car, in search of the "smoker's cab." As he passed the closed section wherein was the fair young girl who had so startled him by her beauty, and set in motion such a train of thought in his mind, he involuntarily hesitated.

But as the curtains rustled and swayed under the rapid motion of the car, he hurried on.

He was soon in the little apartment allotted to smokers. The place was empty. Lighting a cigar, he flung himself into a chair, and was soon lost in thought.

An hour passed thus, and he had not spoken, had scarcely changed his position. His half-burned cigar had fallen from his hand unheeded; he seemed to be almost entirely forgetful of his surroundings. At last he aroused himself, and passing his hand over his eyes, glanced about him.

"Strange! passing strange!" he muttered, settling back in his chair, as if he had no idea of going yet. "My heart once loved, in all its fondness, one whom I thought a pure and sinless maiden. Oh, how soon came the dreadful awakening from that blissful day-dream! How soon was that loving heart crushed and scarred—scarred forever, as I thought! Ay! and steel-ed forever against the bluntness of woman-kind! And here is she who has been so true and so true!"

He ceased his mutterings, and drew from his bosom a small oval-shaped, velvet-covered miniature-case. Springing the lid open, he gazed at the sight revealed.

The light just over his head streamed upon the case. It contained the ivory-type of a beautiful young woman.

For ten minutes Thorle Manton gazed at the almost speaking face. Then closing the case almost fiercely, he muttered:

"Fate has decreed that we two shall never meet again on earth! My heart's wish, at one time, was to stand with her face to face, to let her know that Thorle Manton had at last conquered! But that is past; my hate has turned to pity; and I have no longer need for this! I'll burn it away, will cast it out in the snow, and—now!"

He hurriedly arose and approached the door of the car. He opened it, letting the flying snow flash in, and was about to fling the case out. But, as a bitter laugh issued from his compressed lips, he ejaculated:

"No! For six years it has been with me, my constant companion; I'll keep it yet awhile longer. Who knows—"

He paused abruptly, as he closed the car door, and re-entered. The chamber shadows which had been clouding his face fled away as if by magic;

a glad light glowed in his eyes, and a winning smile of hope perted his lips.

"Can this be true! or am I only dreaming, murmuring? Who is this fair, young creature who has made my pulses, so suddenly, beat with the rhythm of a new-born life? Can I ever again see her after this night? Or, is she but a fanciful vision floating before me now, only to goon the quickly-coming morrow? And I, who, since that fatal afternoon of years ago, have faced the proudest beauties of every land under the sun, and yet was unmoved—can I love again?"

He passed on into the main body of the coach. He soon reached the section. Margoum was lying down; but his eyes opened as Thorle stood over him.

"Come, Margoum," said the young man, hastily; "we'll turn in. We must have some sleep. The station will not be reached until three in the morning. From there to the Lodge is a long, cold ride; we must be prepared for it—only if we can get it, after all!"

The last words were spoken in a low, uneasy tone.

The drowsy attendant soon arranged the section, and young Manton and Margoum retired at once. They both occupied the lower berth—the Hindoo lying on the side next to the aisle.

Thorle Manton was soon asleep.

Next with Margoum, and her companion had gone to bed more than an hour before this. They, too, knew at what time far away, dreary Wyndham station would be reached, and that some sleep was necessary for the long bleak ride in the sleigh which then and there would stretch between them and the Grange.

Grace, as if, for the time, forgetting everything—Abner Denby's startling news of robbers being abroad, her strange emotion at seeing the handsome, bronzed face of the traveler in the coach, everything—had yielded to slumber, and was soon wandering in the bright realms of dreamland, oblivious of what she considered a somber cloud settling about her, in the new life which she was called upon to live.

But Clara Dean was far from being sleepy; her conscience was not easy; and long after Grace was asleep, the girl was wide awake, her busy mind laying plan upon plan for her future action. Her thoughts were bitter enough; for the cold, hard, contemptuous smile which Thorle Manton had indulged in, at her expense; nor could she exorcise from her memory his bright, yearning look, as his gaze had rested upon Grace.

She was sorry that she had made the discovery, that the swarthy personage who accompanied her, was indeed in a few feet of her; and she racked her mind to make herself now believe that she was, after all, mistaken.

She lay on the couch, next to the passage-way leading through the car. She gazed at the attendant, who was watching through a crevice in the curtains, every movement of Thorle Manton and his companion.

And this she was very assiduous in doing. She saw the young man rise from his seat, saw him anxiously to the swarthy personage who accompanied him, and make his way down the aisle. She noted his momentary pause by her section.

She trembled and closed her eyes, fearing that, in a moment of impulse, he might pull aside the curtains, look in, and detect her in the act of watching him.

But she breathed freer as he hurried on. Long and anxiously she awaited his return. More than once she dozed; but awaking again, she would glance through the curtains toward the other section.

At last when Thorle Manton repassed her couch, her eyes fell upon him again; and when he and the Hindoo had retired, and the curtains were dropped before the section, Clara muttered:

"It looks like him! But I must be certain; and, come what may, I will! If I do not I cannot sleep a wink to-night. Heaven grant—as matters stand now—I am wrong!"

She lay still—her black eyes constantly peering through the crevice in the curtains.

The train sped by; the train still thundered on through the stormy night.

At length the curtains by Grace Grayling's section slowly opened, and Clara Dean drew herself out into the aisle. A shawl was drawn over her head and shoulders, and she was in her stocking-feet.

"If I can get a good look at his face I'll soon be satisfied," she murmured. "If that man is indeed Thorle Manton, he has upon his forehead just above the left brow, a small white scar—a relic no doubt of one of his youthful escapades! But, suppose I should be seen? Good heavens! Yet, nothing ventured, nothing gained! Come what will—"

Stealthy herself as best she could, she moved away.

The coach was in silence, for it was now nearly midnight. Even the sleepy attendant, having finished work, was snoring lustily in the smoker's room. No one was in sight; and fortune favored Clara Dean.

A moment and she reached Thorle Manton's section. She paused, and flung a final hasty glance around her. She was trembling in every limb. But she had gone too far to draw back.

Nerving herself for the work before her, she cautiously grasped the curtain, unhooked one of the rings, drew back the screen, and looked in.

The light in the center of the car flashed into the section.

There lay young Manton sleeping quietly, his massy hair swept back from his broad brow, the light of his face revealing his features.

Clara bent impulsively over and gazed closely. She started back; an unguarded exclamation broke from her lips, and her eyes glittered like living coals.

"Is he?" she muttered. "He has—Ha! good heavens!"

She hurriedly let fall the curtains, and, like a phantom, fled back to her couch.

What had so startled Clara Dean was the fact that as she chanced to glance at the other occupant of the section, Margoum's black eyes were quietly, curiously watching her.

This the bold girl had seen.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 397.)

Adventures in the North-west.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE,

Formerly of the Hudson Bay Company's Service.

VI.

THE COCKNEY ENGLISHMAN.

IN the spring of 1859 I engaged with a party of English gentlemen to guide them from Fort Benton to Walla Walla, from whence they were to proceed to Astoria, and down the coast to Sacramento.

The party consisted of thirteen, besides the cook, five servants, and myself; twenty persons in all—well mounted and well-armed.

They were traveling for pleasure alone, and consequently were in no hurry; and as they paid me well for my services, I did not care how much time they consumed in making the trip.

One of the gentlemen of the party belonged to the genus "cockney," who every day expressed himself as thoroughly disgusted with the "blasted country," and every night would wish himself back in "Hold Hingland."

He may have been a real lord in his own country, but to me he seemed a pretty fair instructor.

"How much the dance who has been sent to roam, Excels the dance who has been kept at home."

He had not yet seen any Indians, except a few dirty specimens about the forts, and he was continually bragging of the exploits he would perform should we meet with a hostile party.

I resolved to take some of the conceit out of him, should occasion ever offer, and thus furnish him a chapter in the book which he was to write as soon as he got "ome," of "Hamer-ca as it is!"

He was no favorite with the rest of the party, and I could never imagine what circumstances could have induced them to take him into their company.

I decided to take what was then known as the southern trail, which would lead us through the best hunting-grounds in the world; and also through the country of the Teton Sioux, from whom I had run away a year before.

I felt an uncontrollable desire to see my old friends, especially my little wife, and had made up my mind to remain with them after I had completed the job on hand.

The scenery of this portion of Montana is romantic and beautiful, and nowhere on the face of our continent is there a greater profusion of game—game, too, worthy of the hunter's skill.

After a long trip, during which our party had enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content in hunting buffalo, antelope and mountain sheep, we arrived at the village of the Tetons.

My own reception was such as would be accorded to a friend whom we have supposed to be dead, but who appears after many years, again to mingle his life with ours. The whole village devoted the next three days to feasting and rejoicing. The old chief, Sitting Bull, was as glad to see me as though I had been an own son; while my little squaw was perfectly overjoyed.

I did not suppose there was any person living to whom my going or coming could possibly be of any interest, and for the first time in many years I experienced the pleasure of knowing that I was loved; and that love seemed precious to me, though it came from a poor Indian girl.

We remained in the village nearly a week before any opportunity occurred to test the courage of the cockney, until one morning he took his gun and started out for a hunt. The rest of the party remained in the village, and were well pleased when I told them my plan for testing the courage of their companion.

I took five Indians, and having rigged myself in all the paint of a holiday dance, we started after the Englishman.

He had gone into the forest about two miles from the village, and we found him sitting at the foot of a tree, smoking.

Taking a bow and arrows, I made a *detour* so as to get in front of him, and place him between myself and the village.

Standing behind a tree a short distance from him, I fitted an arrow to the string and made my shot, hitting the tree about an inch above his head—a thoughtless shot, indeed, for a slight depression would have cost him his life.

He started up with an exclamation of alarm, and stood looking at the arrow as it quivered in the trunk of a giant oak. Then he looked in the direction from which it came, and as he did so, I stepped from behind my tree and spoke a few words to him in the Sioux language, which I knew he could not understand; but, instead of trying to shoot me, as I supposed he would, he dropped his gun, and holding up his hands, exclaimed, "Please, good Mr. Indian, don't shoot!"

He stood trembling like the arrant coward I knew him to be, when drawing my knife, I gave the war-cry of the Tetons and sprang toward him.

With a yell of terror he turned and fled, leaving his rifle and his cherished "meerschaum" lying on the ground. When opposite the spot where my Indian allies were concealed, they all discharged their guns in the air, and gave a yell that would have frightened a more courageous man than he.

Another cry of terror, and with accelerated speed he ran for the village, where he arrived out of breath, and nearly out of his wits with fright, while I filled his pipe and enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense.

He gave a glowing account of how he had been attacked by at least a hundred Indians; how he had shot four or five, and finally made his escape with no loss but his pipe and gun.

We washed the paint from our faces, and returned to the village, one at a time, and from different directions, so as not to excite any suspicions in his mind, should he chance to notice any of us.

In the evening I visited the tent of the English party, and listened to the story of his late battle, which he now told for the twentieth time. After he had concluded, I gave my version of the affair, which was received with shouts of applause from the rest of the party, but a more crestfallen or disgusted man I never saw.

I gave him his pipe, and told him where he could find his gun; advising him to be sure and make his terrible encounter with the Indians the subject of a chapter in his book.

I never heard whether he published his book or not, but from that hour he never spoke to me, or boasted of his bravery.

The Englishmen were getting tired of the Indian country; so, selecting about forty of my old soldiers, we set out for Walla Walla, where we arrived in safety.

The following morning, we mounted our horses, and bidding the Englishmen good-by, were soon on our return to the village of the Sioux.

I remained with the tribe about six months, when my little wife sickened and died.

After this I was again seized with the old feeling of restlessness, and again left the tribe; this time, however, with the knowledge and consent of the old chief. Some day or other, should my life be spared, I shall visit them again, unless the remorseless fate which seems to hang over the race shall have swept them from the face of the earth.

I never expect to find any warmer or more true-hearted friends in the world than I have left among the Teton Sioux.

by Alexina, for the burden borne by the cord was somewhat weighty, began to draw it up.

To the end of the cord a strong rope was affixed; and to this succeeded the rope ladder, which, with steady hands, the two women at length grasped and drew in.

In one corner of the room, quite near to the window, was a massive book-case, curiously carved and weighing three or four hundred pounds at the least.

To this piece of furniture Catherine tied the ends of the ladder securely.

And then with a silent prayer to Heaven to aid the men who, in the teeth of the storm, were about to make the perilous attempt, the countess gave the signal that all was prepared for the dangerous performance.

The storm roared and howled without; the Turkish sentry, posted upon the roof of the tower, had found a snug corner, partially protected from the fury of the elements, and was vainly endeavoring to make himself comfortable.

Little need of a strict watch upon such a night and in such a position he thought. A bird alone could hope to reach the top of the tower.

Not a single glance then to the seaward did the sentinel cast. Crouching in his sheltered nook he cursed the evil fortune which had condemned him to the lonely watch, and sighed mournfully for the bed in the barrack-room with his more fortunate comrades.

Watching anxiously by the window, after the signal had been given that all was in readiness for the dangerous attempt, the two ladies saw the ladder suddenly tighten as though a heavy weight had been placed upon the other end.

The leader of the scaling-party had commenced the ascent.

And then, in due time the head and shoulders of a man appeared in the gloomy void beneath the window.

Nimble the well-armed soldier climbed and then, when he reached the window, agile as a monkey, he leaped into the apartment.

It was the American, Robert Lauderdale!

The countess was in a measure disappointed; she had expected to see the pale and thoughtful face of the Scarlet Captain.

"Thanks to you, ladies, we shall be able to take this strong tower which otherwise would have defied all our efforts," he exclaimed, exultingly. "This exploit will ring throughout all Europe, and to the gentleman so intimately connected with you, countess, the idea must be credited. Had it not been for the Scarlet Captain, we should never have thought of scaling the tower from the sea and at midnight."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN ASTONISHED SENTINEL.

"And where is he?" Alexina asked; she had waited for a moment to allow Catherine to put the question, for she saw that the natural inquiry was on the lips of the countess, but the pride of the heiress of Scutari was too great to allow her to betray her curiosity.

"He is below," the American replied; "he would have ascended first, but his brother-officers objected. There was a doubt, of course, as to the feasibility of the attempt, and his life is too precious to be lightly risked."

An expression of profound amazement appeared on Catherine's face as she listened to the speech. Lauderdale noticed the look, but misinterpreted the cause.

"Of course we were not sure that this was the window of your apartment," he explained, thinking the countess's amazement arose from the Montenegreans questioning the practicability of the bold attempt. "We fancied that we saw your faces, ladies, framed in the casement, but the night was so dark and the storm so wild, that we were not sure. Of course there was a chance that we had made a mistake, and that the arrow had fallen into the possession of some one of the Turkish officers, and that the first man up the ladder would find that those, not friends, awaited him at the top. If you noticed, I paused just as my head reached the level of the window."

"And if instead of us you had seen the Turkish officers?" Alexina inquired, with true womanly curiosity.

"I should have leaped backward into the sea at once. It was a forlorn hope, ladies, and I was fully prepared for the worst."

"You spoke of the life of the Scarlet Captain as being too valuable to be risked in this attempt," said Catherine, unable to longer restrain her curiosity. "Is his life worth more to him than yours to you?"

"Oh, no, but to the Montenegrean cause he is worth a hundred such men as I am," Lauderdale replied. "He has the hand to plan, I only the hand to execute. Why, ladies, with a force not reaching three thousand men he has utterly defeated a Turkish army of over ten thousand, commanded, too, by three of the ablest generals in the Sultan's service; in all the Turkish ranks no three better men than Ismail Bey, Mukhtar Pasha and Osman Pasha. Over ten thousand soldiers, the best troops that Turkey can boast, those three men led to invade Montenegro. One single day's fight and this powerful force has been destroyed; as an army it exists no longer. Osman Pasha is a prisoner in our hands, and over two thousand men and officers besides. Mukhtar has been forced to run in such hot haste that it is doubtful if he does not die of rage ere Albania is reached, and the great man of them all, Ismail Bey, is shut up here securely in this old tower, and now that we have succeeded in gaining an entrance, the chances are that he will be our prisoner before he is an hour older. And all this we owe to the Scarlet Captain. Is his life not valuable, then, too valuable to be risked in such a dare-devil enterprise as was the ascent of yonder ladder, with no knowledge of the reception that awaited one?"

"What is this mystery that surrounds this man?" cried Catherine, impatiently. "Who is the Scarlet Captain? What is his name? You know it well enough; why do you not tell me? Has he requested you to observe silence? Why should I, who am so deeply interested in him, be kept in the dark as to who and what he really is?"

Lauderdale laughed; the countess had spoken with true womanly impatience.

"He will be here in a moment, and you can question him yourself," he replied; "but I am wasting time, and we might be unfortunately interrupted. There are ten boats with fifty men in them swinging against the base of the tower, waiting for me to give them the signal to ascend. We had a device of a time to get the boats, for we only determined upon this enterprise late in the afternoon, after we had got the worst of the artillery duel and ascertained to our full satisfaction that we could make no impression at all upon the tower with our guns."

With eager haste Lauderdale had examined the manner in which the ends of the ladder had been secured.

"Strong enough to hold a dozen!" he exclaimed; "let me compliment you, ladies, upon your skill!" And then hurrying to the win-

dow, he signaled to the men beneath. This accomplished, he took up a position by the door, all in readiness to prevent a surprise.

And the moment the signal reached the men without, the ladder they came, one following the other in regular succession, all moving with stealthy caution. They were all well-armed, sabers belted to their sides, pistols in their belts and long rifles—over the favorite weapon of the mountaineers—slung to their backs.

There was danger that a careless movement—a dash of a saber scabbard against the rocky wall—might attract the attention of the sentinel on the roof; if this were to happen, good-bye to the surprise; the alarm would be given on the instant and all of the daring assailants who had succeeded in gaining admittance to the tower would fall an easy prey to the aroused Moslem host.

But, the darkness of the night—the moaning of the storm, the noise of the restless, ever-tossing waves lashing the base of the tower, favored the bold attempt.

Man after man ascended the ladder—a fragile thing apparently, but of great strength—entered the apartment, until the whole of the armed force, fifty-two men in all, were gathered in the room.

The last man to enter at the window was the Scarlet Captain.

The two ladies had withdrawn into one corner of the room and stood watching the animated scene with a great deal of interest. This sudden irruption of the armed Montenegrean force meant liberty to them.

A short conference the Scarlet Captain held with the American.

"There is a sentinel without; I can hear him pacing up and down the passage-way, and plainly discern the rattle of his musket as he grounds it every now and then," Lauderdale explained.

"We must take measures to secure him. Come with me to the countess; we will need her aid in the matter."

The two approached the ladies.

Briefly the Scarlet Captain explained his plan.

"There is a sentinel without, and it is necessary to either capture or kill him before we can advance," he said. "I am averse to shedding useless blood; this single man's life will not either free or enslave Montenegro; therefore I prefer rather to capture than to kill him. If you will have the kindness to knock at the door and request him to open it, he will undoubtedly do so. Not expecting a foe we can take him unawares and probably be able to secure him almost without a struggle. The moment he is removed we will have free access to the court-yard, for with the exception of the sentinels, all the Turks have doubtless retired to rest. Our forces without are all in readiness to make a dash for the gate the moment we open it, and before the Turks will be able to collect their scattered senses, bewildered as they will be by the surprise, so totally unexpected, we will be in complete possession of the tower."

Willingly Catherine acceded to the scheme; much more than this would she have freely done for the country she loved so well.

The Montenegreans clustered in the dark corners of the room, while Catherine advanced to the door, the Scarlet Captain posting himself just by the entrance.

"Open, sir," she said, "open, please!"

The sentinel, half-blind with sleep, weary with his lonely watch, opened the door without the slightest suspicion of danger.

With the rapidity of thought the Scarlet Captain sprang upon the Turk. Clutching him by the throat with his strong hand, he dragged him into the apartment, half-strangling the man with his gripe.

The door was quickly closed, the Turk disarmed, bound, and a stout Montenegrean with his knife at the throat threatened instant death at the slightest sound.

The Turk resigned himself quietly to his fate, and nothing now seemed to intervene between the Montenegreans and their objective point, the main gate to the tower.

A single lantern, hung in a niche, dimly lighted up the old stone stairway, as down it and across the dark court-yard to the guard-room by the gate, the column stole with stealthy tread.

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house boldly charging and endeavoring to recapture the pieces, but the timely arrival of the force from without decided the fight. For a few minutes the slaughter was terrible. The Turkish soldiers met their fate with stubborn heroism; but, finding that the tide of fortune had set so strongly against them, they became panic-stricken, threw down their arms and cried for mercy.

Ismail Bey had been one of the first to gain the court-yard and offer desperate resistance to the assailants, but when the Montenegreans from without came pouring through the gateway, he realized that the fortunes of the hour were decided, and that the evil genius which had seemed to pursue him since his advent in Montenegro, had struck him another terrible blow.

Like a demon he had fought; few men in this life who could wield a saber with the strength and skill of the renegade, and at the head of a desperate squad who, instinctively, had attached themselves to this bold swordsman, he had offered most excellent resistance to the Montenegrean attack.

Until the appearance of the desperate renegade, the struggle had been but little more than a massacre, the Moslems falling almost without resistance beneath the sabers of the mountaineers, but Ismail's determined prowess had revived their drooping spirits, and, recovering in part from their surprise, they had fought excellently.

But with the overpowering force rushing through the gate from without, even the most blood-crazed warrior realized that the fight was decided, and that to resist longer would be madness.

"Was stout Ismail himself who gave the word."

"Save yourselves! we are beaten!" he cried.

With true Oriental fatalism he accepted the situation; it was their kismet; man cannot fight against fate.

And with the exclamation the renegade turned his back upon the fight and fled up the stairway. A few of the soldiers, who had sustained him in the desperate contest, followed his example, but in the darkness of the stairway they lost him.

The contest ended almost immediately with the retreat of Ismail.

Hassan El Moola had been knocked down and disabled early in the fight. The edge of Lauderdale's saber and the head of the bull-necked Turk had become acquainted, much to the damage of the head, thanks to the American's stout arm.

"Where is Ismail Bey?" was the first inquiry of the Scarlet Captain, after the Turks had thrown down their arms. During the fray he had been carried, despite his will, to the other side of the gate from where the renegade had made his determined stand.

"I saw him yonder, but a moment ago," Lauderdale answered, wiping away the blood from an ugly saber-cut on his cheek, which he had received from Ismail's hand in the fight. "He gave me this clip on the cheek, and then before I could return the compliment there was a rush of men between us and we were separated."

"He ran up the stairway," said one of the Montenegreans, who had happened to notice the retreat of the Moslem chief.

For a moment the two friends gazed at each other, a look of apprehension common to both their features, the same thought in their minds.

Wherefore should Ismail fly to the interior of the tower?

There were no outlets of escape in that direction; he could not hope to gain egress from the tower by flying to the walls or roof unless indeed he intended to emulate the example of the Scarlet Captain and take a leap from the roof into the sea. He must surrender at last, why not surrender now?

The Countess of Scutari!

She was in her lonely apartment in the tower; no means of defense, no protector. Ismail Bey, baffled and defeated, his army destroyed, his prestige as a general seriously impaired, and now fated to fall into the hands of the men he hated, and feared too, for was he not a renegade to the mountain races? might he not in this moment of despair attempt to rob the victor of the prize of the victory?

(To be continued—commenced in No. 394.)

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

OLD-TIME GAMES.

LOOKING over some files of sporting papers of twenty years ago we came across the report of the meeting at Bedford, L. I., between the old Atlantic nine of Brooklyn and the Gotham of New York. In the former were Mathew and Peter O'Brien, John Haldon, and Archy McMahon, all of whom are dead. There were also Messrs. L. Bergen—now in the Brooklyn tax-office—R. Boerum—a retired gentleman of means in Brooklyn—John Price, Tice Hamilton—both residents of Brooklyn still, and Dick Pearce, the latter a professional player in the St. Louis nine of 1877. On the part of the Gotham there were old Tom Van Cott, the pitcher of the period; Wadsworth, the first baseman, who was noted for his peculiar style of taking the ball; Comerford, a spry, gentlemanly little fellow; McCasker at third base, afterward the club catcher with Vail, Sheridan, Turner, Johnson and Cullip, all graybeards now. There was a large crowd of spectators present, seats being reserved for lady friends, and the utmost interest was manifested in the match. The Gotham opened play at the bat, and at the close of their second inning the score stood at 3 to 6 in their favor.

In the Atlantic's second inning, however, the Brooklyn nine scored ten runs, and this practically won the game, they finally coming in victors by 41 to 11. Caleb Sniffen and G. Van Cott acted as umpires—there being one on each side in those days—and R. G. Cornell acted as referee.

On the 16th of September, 1857, the Empires defeated the Knickerbockers, at Hoboken, by a score of 28 to 17 in a nine-innings game. In this contest the Empires played Messrs. Gough, C.; Thorne, P.; Leavy, 1st b.; Miller, 2d b.; Moore, 3d b.; Smith, s.; with Benson, Hoyt and Newkirk in the out-field. The Knickerbockers had Charley De Bost as catcher, with Willing as pitcher; Stephens, Mott and Neubor on the bases; Dr. Adams at short stop, and Davis, Vreedenberg and Tucker in the field. Bloomfield and Grinnell were umpires, and Bixby referee.

On Sept. 22d, 1857, the Eckfords of Brooklyn played the Eagles of New York at Hoboken. It was the second match of the series, and it was regarded with special interest by the Brooklyn club, they having lost the first game. In the first innings the score stood at 5 to 5, and in the second it stood 7 to 7. In the third innings the Eagles took the lead by 9

to 7. The Eckfords battled well for their lost position, but could not recover it, the Eagles finally winning by 23 to 22 in an eight-innings game, the contest occupying over three hours.

The Eagle nine consisted of the following players: Gelston, c.; Bixby, p.; Yates, 1st b.; Gilman, 2d b.; Place, 3d b.; Smith, s.; Winslow, Williams and Wandell in the field. The contest attracted about three hundred spectators, quite a large crowd for those days. The Eckfords were, Frank Pidgeon, c.; McWhay, p.; Tostivan, 1st b.; Caulkins, 2d b.; Logan, 3d b.; Grum, s.; and Manolt, Gray and Curtis in the field.

On November 6th the Unions of Morrisania visited Brooklyn to play a game with the Eckfords, and to those who only remember these clubs in their palmy days of later years the scores of the two games will be read with interest. The Eckfords won by 41 to 23, though the seventh innings ended in favor of the Eckfords by 23 to 18 only.

In the eighth innings the Eckfords scored 10 runs, and that ended the game. The two eighties, or both were short—were as follows: Eckfords, Leggett, c.; Dayton, p.; Young, 1st b.; Wells, 3d b.; Sunderling, 3d b.; Rogers, s. s.; and Etheridge and Cole in the field. The Unions presented Todd, c.; Pinckney, p.; Brandon, 1st b.; Durrell, 2d b.; Roosa, 3d b.; and Henry, Tremper and Dickerson in the field.

The last match of 1857 was played Nov. 26th at Bedford, L. I., the contesting nines being the National and Montauk clubs, composed of young players. The Nationals were, I. W. Evans, c.; Joe Sprague, p.; Alvord, 1st b.; S. D. Smith, 2d b.; R. J. Smith, 3d b.; Maxon, s. s.; L. Pike, 1st b.; Evans, c. f.; Quincy, r. f. The Montauks included Eastwood, W. Ackley, p.; Debevoise, 1st b.; Sherman, 2d b.; Lewis, 3d b.; Morehouse, s. s.; Coombs, 1st b.; Cranston, c. f.; and Norris, r. f. The Nationals won by 61 to 5.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 126 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. 400-47.

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TIM'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

It's dying I am for to see you,
And I can't tell the sun from the moon,
And I never will live till I die
Unless you will come to me soon.
My heart aches all over me body
To have you come and kiss me
For, oh, you are gone in your absence,
And that is what gives me concern.
It has been just a month since I saw you,
And I never have looked on you since;
I miss you because I can't see you
And we're parted because you're gone hence.
I wish I could get in this letter,
I'd mail me by telegraph quick;
I'd fly to your lips just this minute
And there like a stamp I would stick.
I mourn for you all the day long, love,
And the eight hour system's too short,
When I wake up of you I am dreaming—
You're the nightmare, indeed, of my heart.
You're po-tatoes and pork to my spirit,
Which you know is some kin to my ghost;
If I stop and cease to adore you
In a freezing cold stove may I roast.
Your face it is stuck full of fayures
And dimples—howl on, if you please;
It's dimples I mean, and me spellin'
Makes me make mistakes with much ease;
And I'm sure it resembles an angel's
More than any I've happened to see,
And, oh, for a life-lease upon it,
Let no Irish apply there but me!
I'm out of me mind since you're in it,
I'm a liar if this isn't true,
And I am beside myself, surely,
Since it is I am not beside you.
The days are as dark as the nights, dear,
And the nights are as dark as the days,
And if you will be after coming,
Don't hurry, but haste if you please.
For to ease upon you, and behold you,
Would be something I dearly should prize,
I would rather you'd come than me wages—
The sight would be save to these eyes!
I am tired to death of your absence,
So come here and take it away,
And bring me a bit of your presence—
If not sooner, then come now, I pray.

Woods and Waters ;

OR,

The Rambles of the Littleton Gun Club.

BY LAUNCE POYNTE.

I.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

You may not be able to find Littleton on the maps of New York State, but for all that it lies nestled in a snug little town of its own, under the shadow of a great mountain, in full view of the romantic Hudson at its most romantic point. You know how the great river, flowing so placidly along from Albany to Newburgh, all of a sudden dives into the midst of a confusion of wooded highlands, describing a semicircle in its course, and almost surrounding West Point. Over West Point towers Cronest, and under the morning shadow of Cronest, almost out of hearing of the bugles at the Military Academy, nestle the white cottages and gray roofs of Littleton.

Littleton thinks something of itself. It has a school-house, quite large enough to accommodate its scholars, two stores, a church with a spire, a tavern with a lively stable, and a blacksmith-shop. Moreover, Littleton has no less than three distinct parties. One meets at Luke Goll's store to talk politics, read the paper aloud, and drink hard cider; that is the old farmer's party. The second meets at Widow Spriggins' sewing-circle every Friday evening to hold "intellectual converse" under the direction of Mrs. President Doreen Briggs, who teaches the school. That is the young folks' party, boys and girls, intent on spelling-bees and reciting poetry. The third party was recently formed, and is the subject of these reminiscences; for wasn't it there when it was organized, and didn't it help to run it?

We used to meet at Old Mart's blacksmith-shop on almost any evening in the week—which, we were not particular. We all called him "Mart," and I hardly think any one in the village knew what his name was. Mart was something-or-other he must have been—Brown, Green or Smith—if I remember right, it was Sykes—but no one called him anything but "Old Mart," and I suppose that name will do as well as another for these pages.

Mart was the village blacksmith when he chose to work, but there was so little work to do that the forge-fire was out more than half the week, the smithy shut up, and Old Mart away on the mountain or down the river. Wherever he was, he was sure to be a kind of young fellow with him, generally from the city, and he was showing them how to circumvent the game with which the countryside then abounded.

For Mart, besides being a blacksmith, was a famous hunter and fisherman, the best in all Orange county, and I believe that with all his "lazy ways," as the farmers called them, he brought more money into Littleton than any other man in the village. Mart's fame as a hunter and his good-nature attracted city sportsmen to the place, and they told their friends, who came on their recommendation. The result was that the "Putnam Hotel" was generally full all the summer with young fellows up for a vacation, and Mart's business as a guide brought him in all the spare cash he wanted.

I suppose it was this fact that ultimately led to the formation of the Littleton Gun Club. There were a number of us who lived in the neighborhood, near West Point and Cornwall, and we didn't want the city men to monopolize Old Mart and all the game of the countryside. So we met together at Mart's smithy one evening, and out of the chance proposal of Oscar Ryder, one of our number, grew the Littleton Gun Club, which afterward turned out so many fine sportsmen. After the evening meeting became a flourishing institution, and at the time I speak of had lived a happy life for two years.

We were not troubled with constitutions and by-laws. Any person in the club who had a jolly friend, no matter if he had never fired a gun in his life, could bring him in and make him a member. All we required was that he should be civil, use no coarse language, and obey Old Mart's orders. Mart was our perpetual president, and settled all disputes as soon as they arose, by the simple process of telling the rest of the boys to "sit on" the disputants. And they all did it so effectively, and hammered the nonsense out of the bumptious new-comers so completely, that you never heard a loud or angry word at Mart's smithy.

I think I see the old fellow now, leaning on his anvil after his day's work, the rays of the evening sun shining through the open door, while the rest of the club gathered round the shop, sitting on old wagon bodies or wheels, but all grouped near Mart. His president's chair was the anvil, and his ravel was the shoeing-hammer that lay there, but he seldom had occasion to use it. When he did, there was order, mighty quick, I can tell you.

Mart was a long, thin, wiry old fellow, as dark in the face as a Spaniard, but that was of the sun, for his brown hair and gray-green eyes showed that his natural complexion was probably light. His knotted arms were by no means large, but they were as hard as bronze, and one felt them, and he almost always had them bare. He wore a long, grizzled, sandy beard, long hair escaping from under a battered old white hat, and his dress generally consisted of dingy gray shirt and trousers, with rawhide boots, innocent of blacking. Coming on him in the woods on an autumn day, at a little distance, he had a grayish, ghostly appearance, like the bark of an old tree, and he could make himself invisible in the woods quicker than any man I ever saw.

Near old Mart, on the nave of a wheel, sat our best shot and finest fellow, Captain Bruce of the army. Bruce was a mighty hun-

ter, who had killed almost every sort of game that runs and flies in America, while he was stationed out at the frontier posts. He belonged to the cavalry, and had seen service in Oregon to Texas, but whenever he came home on leave, he always made for Littleton and our club, of which he was the pride and boast.

Bruce was a handsome fellow, and very careful about his hair and dress, which was generally of gray velvet. Some of the boys called him a dandy when they first saw him, but they never repeated it after they had seen him hunt, for the dandy was the most unfitting member of the party, and the best shot after old Mart. His bright blue eye was as clear as Mart's greenish orbs, and his long, drooping flaxen mustache covered a regular fighting chin, square and resolute.

Next to Bruce sat Charley Green, little Charley with the pug nose, the favorite and butt of the club. Charley was very "fresh" in hunting matters, but made up in eagerness what he lacked in skill. He was in fact hunting-crazy, and so anxious to learn that everybody was glad to help him. He made innumerable blunders, and laughed at them so heartily himself that no one else laughed at him so much as with him. Charley was got up in a black velvet suit, with a scarlet necktie, about as fit for the woods as a full-dress uniform, but nothing would offend him, and Mart had not ordered him yet.

Then there was Tom Deacon, the drygoods drummer, who spent all his vacations at Littleton; Long Coventry, the real estate man, who stood six feet two and weighed on a hundred and forty—Coventry prided himself on his likeness to Wild Bill, the famous scout, and put on a good many airs about it; Bob Murphy, the insurance clerk, with the reddest head at the Putnam Hotel, and three or four Littletoners, among whom the writer of these reminiscences sat in a quiet corner, a looker-on at Littleton.

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"Oh, wouldn't I like to learn!" cried Charley Green. "It seems to me that I never shall be able to hit a bird on the wing. I blaze away and never hit a feather."

"There air jest one reason you don't hit 'em," said old Mart, kindly. "Because you don't kiver 'em. Do you savy, young feller? You've a charge of shot in your gun, and you lets drive. That 'ere shot goes straight out o' that 'ere bar'l—jest as straight as a bee line fur a matter o' ten rods. Ef there's a bird in that 'ere line, that 'ere bar'l's-goin' to get the shot out o' that 'ere bar'l. The trouble is, your bar'l don't p'int at the bird when you tech off the trigger, that's all."

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We all jumped up, delighted, for we knew that old Mart, in his homely way, could tell us a good deal. We all had our guns with us, for the club never met except in that way, and old Mart preceded us out in the back of his smithy into the tenebrous lot, at the end of which stood Mart's barn. The old hunter went into his cottage beside the smithy for a moment, and returned carrying his old double-barreled gun and a number of big squares of paper under his arm.

"Now, young fellers," he said, when we arrived near the barn, "this here Charley Green is the wust shot o' the hull crowd, ain't he? Well, I'm a-goin' to train that boy to be the best shot of ye all, 'cept Cap Bruce. What d'yer think the Am'rican boys leaves here to-night he'll kiver a spot correct. That's what's the matter. Here, you, Sime Lawrence, tack up this here target over the old 'uns, and we'll all hev a shv at 'em."

We all went, notice that one end of the barn was all peppered over with little black spots, as if it had the small-pox, and a number of ragged squares of brown paper were tacked one over the other in the midst of this spotty region. Sime Lawrence, who was Mart's helper in the forge, went and tacked up a new piece of paper over the old ones, hiding the rags and leaving a clean buff surface, with a round black mark, the size of a dollar, in the middle. Then he took a whitewash brush, and began to hide all the former spots under the target.

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I think I see the old fellow now, leaning on his anvil after his day's work, the rays of the evening sun shining through the open door, while the rest of the club gathered round the shop, sitting on old wagon bodies or wheels, but all grouped near Mart. His president's chair was the anvil, and his ravel was the shoeing-hammer that lay there, but he seldom had occasion to use it. When he did, there was order, mighty quick, I can tell you.

Mart was a long, thin, wiry old fellow, as dark in the face as a Spaniard, but that was of the sun, for his brown hair and gray-green eyes showed that his natural complexion was probably light. His knotted arms were by no means large, but they were as hard as bronze, and one felt them, and he almost always had them bare. He wore a long, grizzled, sandy beard, long hair escaping from under a battered old white hat, and his dress generally consisted of dingy gray shirt and trousers, with rawhide boots, innocent of blacking. Coming on him in the woods on an autumn day, at a little distance, he had a grayish, ghostly appearance, like the bark of an old tree, and he could make himself invisible in the woods quicker than any man I ever saw.

Near old Mart, on the nave of a wheel, sat our best shot and finest fellow, Captain Bruce of the army. Bruce was a mighty hun-

ter, who had killed almost every sort of game that runs and flies in America, while he was stationed out at the frontier posts. He belonged to the cavalry, and had seen service in Oregon to Texas, but whenever he came home on leave, he always made for Littleton and our club, of which he was the pride and boast.

Bruce was a handsome fellow, and very careful about his hair and dress, which was generally of gray velvet. Some of the boys called him a dandy when they first saw him, but they never repeated it after they had seen him hunt, for the dandy was the most unfitting member of the party, and the best shot after old Mart. His bright blue eye was as clear as Mart's greenish orbs, and his long, drooping flaxen mustache covered a regular fighting chin, square and resolute.

Next to Bruce sat Charley Green, little Charley with the pug nose, the favorite and butt of the club. Charley was very "fresh" in hunting matters, but made up in eagerness what he lacked in skill. He was in fact hunting-crazy, and so anxious to learn that everybody was glad to help him. He made innumerable blunders, and laughed at them so heartily himself that no one else laughed at him so much as with him. Charley was got up in a black velvet suit, with a scarlet necktie, about as fit for the woods as a full-dress uniform, but nothing would offend him, and Mart had not ordered him yet.

Then there was Tom Deacon, the drygoods drummer, who spent all his vacations at Littleton; Long Coventry, the real estate man, who stood six feet two and weighed on a hundred and forty—Coventry prided himself on his likeness to Wild Bill, the famous scout, and put on a good many airs about it; Bob Murphy, the insurance clerk, with the reddest head at the Putnam Hotel, and three or four Littletoners, among whom the writer of these reminiscences sat in a quiet corner, a looker-on at Littleton.

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"There air jest one reason you don't hit 'em," said old Mart, kindly. "Because you don't kiver 'em. Do you savy, young feller? You've a charge of shot in your gun, and you lets drive. That 'ere shot goes straight out o' that 'ere bar'l—jest as straight as a bee line fur a matter o' ten rods. Ef there's a bird in that 'ere line, that 'ere bar'l's-goin' to get the shot out o' that 'ere bar'l. The trouble is, your bar'l don't p'int at the bird when you tech off the trigger, that's all."

"And will you teach me how to do it right?" said Charley, eagerly.

"Sartin, I will, and any of the boys as wants to learn," said Mart. "Thur's plenty o' light now fur a matter of an hour, and you've got your guns. Come down to the old target-ground, and we'll have a lecture on shooting by Mr. Mart Sykes."

We all jumped up, delighted, for we knew that old Mart, in his homely way, could tell us a good deal. We all had our guns with us, for the club never met except in that way, and old Mart preceded us out in the back of his smithy into the tenebrous lot, at the end of which stood Mart's barn. The old hunter went into his cottage beside the smithy for a moment, and returned carrying his old double-barreled gun and a number of big squares of paper under his arm.

"Now, young fellers," he said, when we arrived near the barn, "this here Charley Green is the wust shot o' the hull crowd, ain't he? Well, I'm a-goin' to train that boy to be the best shot of ye all, 'cept Cap Bruce. What d'yer think the Am'rican boys leaves here to-night he'll kiver a spot correct. That's what's the matter. Here, you, Sime Lawrence, tack up this here target over the old 'uns, and we'll all hev a shv at 'em."

We all went, notice that one end of the barn was all peppered over with little black spots, as if it had the small-pox, and a number of ragged squares of brown paper were tacked one over the other in the midst of this spotty region. Sime Lawrence, who was Mart's helper in the forge, went and tacked up a new piece of paper over the old ones, hiding the rags and leaving a clean buff surface, with a round black mark, the size of a dollar, in the middle. Then he took a whitewash brush, and began to hide all the former spots under the target.

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